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ART. I.—*The Temple of Truth; or the best System of Reason, Philosophy, Virtue, and Morals, analytically arranged.* 8vo. Mawman. 1806.

THIS is a proud title, but we fear that there is nothing corresponding to it in the contents. The portals of this temple may be luminously adorned with gilded capitals, but they open only into a building of more than Cimmerian gloom, in which we meet with nothing but a dearth of ideas and a vacuity of sense. The author adopts dogmatism for argument, and seems to imagine that round assertion, backed by a sort of magisterial air, will pass for solid proof. In every page of the work he seems to entertain so good an opinion of himself, and to be so perfectly satisfied that nothing is wanting but his interposition, to settle every disputed question in the wide circumference of moral and theological inquiry, that he will not probably think himself much obliged to us for combating his sophisms, and exposing his presumption; for dissipating the illusions of vanity, and humbling the arrogant disdain of pride coupled with ignorance, and fostered by an intolerant superstition.

The author entitles his work the 'BEST SYSTEM OF REASON, PHILOSOPHY, VIRTUE, AND MORALS, ANALYTICALLY ARRANGED.' Now a system supposes a whole composed of well-according parts, or a series of relative propositions, successively produced, and methodically combined; so as to establish and to support, like a strongly cemented arch some important truth. But though the author boasts that his work is not only a system, but THE BEST SYSTEM, we confess that after a patient examination, we have not been able to find in it any pretensions to the title. We meet with

a mass of detached observations interspersed with scraps of Greek and Latin, without regularity of coherence or force of induction; and with respect to the 'reason, the philosophy, the virtue and the morals,' we believe that reason, philosophy, virtue and morals, quite as substantial and not less pure, might be found in the Institutes of Calvin.

The author seems to speak contemptuously of metaphysical investigations, but he himself sometimes makes a display of metaphysical lore, which to us appears none of the most perspicuous or rational. Thus, for instance, in p. 5, 6, he says that 'reason is in no sense the rule of judgment.' Now, if the words 'rule of judgment' have any meaning at all, they must mean that which serves to direct us in judging or forming a judgment; and of course the author denies that reason directs us in judging between truth and error, or in determining the moral character: but if it be not reason which serves as a guide in this important operation, we should beg to know what other faculty we have, to which we are indebted for this distinguishing perfection of humanity. We have always been wont to consider reason as the best gift of God to man; as that ray of his own essence which is still beaming in the human soul; which may indeed be made dark and dull by neglect, or luminous and penetrating by assiduous care; but without which even Christianity itself would have been a vain communication; for we should not have been able to determine whether it were true or false, the effect of imposture or the work of God. And yet it is to our propensity to exercise this faculty in the very way which God designed for the detection of error and the establishment of truth, that the author ascribes 'the countless absurdities, extravagancies, and contradictions, which have not only bewildered the human intellect, but inverted the whole order of things.' If he had imputed this effect to the rejection rather than to the use of reason as a rule of judgment, he would have been much nearer to the truth. 'The history of human reason,' says the author, 'would not reflect much honour upon human nature.' Reason, we know, like other faculties which the Divine Goodness has imparted to the free agency of man, may be and often has been perverted from its right use and converted to a wrong; but if there be one thing which more than another reflects an unsullied lustre on human nature, it is the exertion of reason in the wide world of moral and physical research. The author may perhaps deem the great names of Bacon, Newton, Locke, and other worthies, to be only pale and twinkling luminaries, compared with the mighty radiance of Calvin and the sense-

less advocates of his gloomy creed; but we may emphatically ask what would have been the present condition of mankind, if they had not made human reason the rule of judgment in philosophy, in morals, and religion? Even in matters of faith it is reason which must ultimately constitute the rule of judgment, or which must direct us in determining what points are and what are not proper objects of belief. For though there may be some matters of faith which are above the reach of reason, there can be none which are contrary to it; for to say that they are contrary to reason, is the same as to say that they are contrary to truth. Of propositions which are above our reason, which are too deep for its search or too sublime for its contemplation, we may assent to the possibilities; but propositions, which are contrary to reason, are utterly repugnant to the mind. They cannot in any way command assent, because as long as we employ the terms of language in which they are conveyed, they are totally irreconcilable with our ideas of possibility. We rather exalt than lower the dignity of religion, when we reject those doctrines which are contrary to reason; for religion is accommodated to the use and subservient to the good of man, only so far as it is a reasonable service. But with a reasonable religion to mingle doctrines contrary to reason, is to make an heterogeneous compound of that worship which is due to the Supreme Intelligence, who gave reason to man as the rule of judgment and the guide of life.

'Impressed,' says the author, 'in an early stage of my literary education with the importance of distinct ideas, as the best method both of receiving and of communicating science, it has always appeared to me as scarcely possible to do either, unaided by the accurate definition of principal terms.' After this pompous declaration of the necessity of distinct ideas, and this pompous claim to the possession, we were not a little surprised to find such a total want of them in the work before us. For, instead of distinctness of ideas, or precision and accuracy in the use of terms, we meet with hardly any thing but confusedness of thought and a bewildering ambiguity of diction. As an instance we will produce one of the author's '*accurate definitions of principal terms.*' 'By reason,' says the author, p. 14., 'I would be understood to mean those principles which are best calculated to enlighten, correct, and regulate that faculty in man.' Now if the reader be able to understand what reason is, or what the author means by reason, from this 'accurate definition,' we must confess that he possesses a degree of acuteness and a power of comprehension far be-

yond what we can claim. The author seems to confound reason with a something which is not reason, but which, according to his account, is '*best calculated to enlighten, correct, and regulate the faculty.*' What this something however is, he does not vouchsafe to inform us, and perhaps he will think us very captious not to be satisfied with his '*accurate definition.*' Such is the distinctness of his ideas, and such his boasted precision in the use of terms. By reason he understands those principles which enlighten, correct, and regulate reason. This is one of the luminous expositions on which the author affects to rear 'the Temple of Truth' and to esblish '*the best system of philosophy, virtue, and morals.*' Reason is the eye of truth, and truth wants no 'lesser light.' Reason is, besides, that faculty which was bestowed to regulate the use and controul the action of every other; and though we have not been inattentive observers of the moral and physical constitution of man, we have never been able to discover any of those principles, which the author, while he professes to understand them to be the same as reason, makes at the same time superior to reason, because he says that 'they are calculated to enlighten, correct, and regulate the faculty.' Who would have expected to find such jargon pronounced in 'the Temple of Truth?' By virtue, which, according to our plain notions, consists in doing good and in forbearing to do evil, this author defines 'the intellectual beauty, worth and excellence of the human soul.' This is another of his 'accurate definitions,' which promises light and yet leaves us in the dark.

Confident in the truth, and proud of the impenetrable solidity and the unrivalled splendour of his 'accurate definitions,' the author does not hesitate to affirm, p. 18, that his Temple of Truth is erected on an imperishable foundation, and that 'it contains the best scheme of reason, philosophy, virtue, and morals that can be proposed.' If this be the best system, it will be very difficult to decide which is the worst; for it is not often that we shall meet with a worse than this.

Of the theology of this writer, the reader will be able to judge from the following specimen. 'Grace,' says he, p. 142, 'is the free, spontaneous and sovereign favour of God, *totally and for ever irrespective of all terms, conditions, or performances on the part of those who are the objects of it.*' Now that the favour of God is totally and for ever irrespective of all terms, conditions, &c. is a doctrine so mischievous in itself, tending so much to discourage the hopes of virtue and to increase the audacity of vice, and it is at the same time so false and so unscriptural, that we should deem ourselves deficient in a proper regard for truth,

for morality and religion, if we did not brand it with our utter detestation. The express doctrine of the Christian revelation is, that God will recompense every man according to his works; that he will shew favour only to those who do good, and evince his displeasure against those who do evil. When therefore the author espouses a contrary doctrine as a fundamental point in what he calls the *best system of religion*, he inculcates a tenet which is not only at variance with scripture, but which, if it were made a rule of practice would soon annihilate every vestige of truth, justice and humanity. There is a close connexion between ignorance and intolerance, between want of knowledge and want of charity, and therefore we were the less surprised when we found the author asserting, p. 148—150, that those who reject this noxious dogma, which he calls 'the primary maxim of all true religion,' must 'be abjured, detested and abhorred;' and that 'they will be renounced with a holy indignation by all who have any becoming regard for the truth as it is in Jesus.' Thus we see that, according to the opinion of this writer, those who are not so wanting in common sense or common honesty, as to abandon this salutary doctrine that goodness is the ground of acceptance with the Deity and the condition of obtaining his favour, are to be '*abjured, detested, and abhorred.*' We leave it to the candour of the reader to determine who most deserve to be 'abjured, detested, and abhorred,'—those who inculcate truths which are favourable to virtue; or those who propagate errours which encourage vice? We can in any writer more readily pardon a want of sense than a want of charity; but this author of what is called '*the Temple of Truth,*' is deficient in both. The dearth of ideas, instead of being relieved by any of the soft infusions of benevolence, is made more revolting by the frowns of dogmatism and the spirit of intolerance.

The greatest authority has told us that 'the law and the prophets,' or the substance of true religion, consist 'in doing to others as we would that others should do to us;' and we have consequently been taught to consider those as the preachers, who most deserve our gratitude and our praise, who most strenuously insist on the practice of truth, of justice, and of charity; who earnestly labour to impress us with a right sense of their importance, not only as the practice refers to our present satisfaction, but as it is intimately connected with the interests of eternity. But against such preachers the author inveighs with no small degree of violence, in which there is more sound than sense.

'The downy pillows, (says he, p. 200), the gentle lenitives, the

uncorrosive emollients, the convenient cordials, always near at hand, which the moral physicians of these enlightened times provide for their patients on each sabbatical revolution, are most naturally calculated to lull their immortal spirits to soft repose; till oh! ye worse than savage insensibles, the horrors of eternal delusion shall awaken them from the soothing, momentary delirium, into which those merciless opiates have cast them. Yes, the time will come. Therefore look to yourselves, ye misguided hearers, and be more alarmed at these gentle, lenient, lethargic compounds, which too frequently conceal a deadly poison from your undiscerning sight, than at the sound of that tremendous thunder which means only to terrify you out of all the infatuating visions of a vain deceit. Accept this friendly advice from an invisible spy and no anti-christian observer, before the moment arrive when the trumpet of God shall otherwise rend every nerve in your frame with anguish for which there is no remedy, with torture which shall never end.'

But we will no longer fatigue the patience of the reader with specimens of such frothy rant, and such unchristian intolerance. This work as well as many others of the same sort, which it falls to our lot to notice, proves that when men in their theological enquiries cease to make reason the rule of judgment, there is no absurdity so gross which they may not be induced to cherish, and no error so glaring which they may not be incited to inculcate.

ART. II.—*Ballads and Lyrical Pieces. By Walter Scott, Esq.* 8*vo.* Longman. 1806.

WE can hardly remember a period in the course of our critical labours, on which we reflect with so much pleasure, as on that which we devoted to the perusal of Mr. Scott's 'Lay of the last Minstrel.' (Crit. Rev. July, 1805.) In compliance with the strict rules of our profession, we examined it with cool deliberation after the delight occasioned by first impressions had subsided; and concluded with the persuasion, that our admiration was well-founded, and our pleasure genuine. It is true that we thought many passages obnoxious to censure, that we found many peculiarities in the style and conduct of the fable which were not agreeable to our taste or feelings, and we expressed our objections without reserve. But for warmth and spirit of description, for historical accuracy and discrimination of character, for harmony of numbers, for that gifted power of enchantment,

which transports us 'beyond the ignorant present time,'* we acknowledged, and still think, that Mr. S. had proved himself a worthy successor to the mighty bards of former days. His errors are defects of judgment, of care, of consideration: but all the powers which can be conceived *innate* in the true poet, he possesses in perfection.

Our expectations, therefore, were not a little excited by the advertisement of 'Ballads and Lyrical Pieces' by the same author. Not, perhaps, that we felt ourselves altogether satisfied in the idea of his great talents having been directed towards objects so comparatively insignificant; but we recollected that the most exalted genius may sometimes be allowed to trifle, and that from those very trifles of genius, much greater delight may be derived, than it is often our fortune to experience from the most important labours. We therefore anxiously expected the announced publication, which at last made its appearance before us, on a cold rainy October evening, as if on purpose to relieve us from the drudgery of toiling through a volume of Essays, or of the Belgian Traveller, (we do not now remember) which had lulled us in stupid and unprofitable slumbers during the greater part of the day. We drew ourselves closer round a bright wood fire, had the windows fastened, candles introduced, and coffee made. Every ear was opened at the opening of the book. But alas! how were our hopes crushed and annihilated, when our reader, (a precise man), after methodically getting through the title page, turned over and read the following *uncomfortable* words:

'Advertisement. These ballads have been already published in different collections; some in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, others in the Tales of Wonder, and some in both those miscellanies.'

Anxious to preserve our readers from a disappointment so painful, we determined thus to lay before them the history of our own sufferings. We conceive that country gentlemen, of some taste but of limited incomes, no great collectors of books, having already two copies of these poems in their possession, will thank us for saving them the expence of a third. At the same time, we advertise those who happen to have their shelves incumbered with that abominable book-making compilation, the 'Tales of Wonder,' that they cannot do better than exchange those two volumes for the present one (if they can persuade their bookseller to the bargain); since whatever was tolerable there (except the writ-

* Which, by the b'ye, we cannot but take to be the true reading, notwithstanding Mr. Steevens. See Macbeth, Act 1. S 5. Johnson and Steevens.

ings of Dryden, Mallet, and other *forgotten scribblers*), was Mr. Scott's, and is now republished together with such other originals as he inserted in the Minstrelsy of the Borders.

But, really, Mr. Scott's excessive fondness for seeing himself in print in all manner of shapes and sizes, calls loudly for our censure. According to the old laudable customs of authorship, a writer had no sooner unloaded his head of its contents, than he suffered them and the world to remain at peace.

> 'The times have been
> That when the *brains* were out, the man would die,
> And there an end.'

The task of making new collections of detached poems, of changing quartos into octavos, and those again into pocket volumes, all containing the same matter, was left to posterity, and afforded one of the surest tests of sterling merit; for the world will never suffer the works of a true poet to lie scattered abroad, and incumbered with those of others after his death. To this test Mr. Scott might have submitted himself in perfect confidence. The whole world acknowledges his merit, and will be the more offended at his descending, for the sake of vanity or of emolument, to practices, which, in one of the herd of authors, might be overlooked or forgiven.

The contents of this volume are 'Glenfinlas,' 'The Eve of St. John,' 'Cadyow Castle,' 'The Grey Brother,' Thomas the Rhymer,' 'The Fire King,' 'Frederick and Alice,' 'The wild Huntsmen,' together with a few songs which had not before been published. Of the pieces we have specified, the three last will be immediately recognised by the readers of Lewis's collection; the two first appeared both there and in the Minstrelsy of the Borders; 'Thomas the Rhymer' made one of the originals in the last-mentioned work, as, we suppose, did 'Cadyow Castle' and 'the Grey Brother' also, since they are not mentioned as novelties; but we had the advantage of not remembering them. Of all these, 'Glenfinlas' is incomparably the first in merit, as well as foremost in the list. We are not called upon at present to criticize; but whether called or not, we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration. We hardly know any thing in poetry more sublime than the incidental Description of the Second Sight, or more simple and affecting than the manner in which it is introduced.

> 'E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe
> Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
> I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
> On me the seer's sad spirit came.

'The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

'The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

'Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

'Thou only saw'st their tartans wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch, answering brave,
To many a target clanking round.

'I heard the groans, I marked the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He poured his clan's resistless roar.'

We would assign the next place in the collection to 'Cadyow Castle,' which is a more polished composition than the generality of Mr. Scott's, without any sacrifice of strength or of peculiarity of character. It is addressed to Lady Anne Hamilton, and opens very happily with an allusion to the antient grandeur of her illustrious family.

'When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

'Then thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall.

'But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

'Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

'For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long forgotten urn.

'Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

'Where with the rock's wood-covered side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

'Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moon-light beam.

'Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.'

The three following stanzas are fortunate examples, among ten thousand, of Mr. Scott's magical powers of description:

'Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

'Mightiest of all the beasts of chace
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

'Fierce on the hunters' quivered band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.*'

The 'Grey Brother' contains some high, but too transi-

* There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated about forty years

ent, beauties. It promises much, and performs nothing. Why a fragment? It is a very old trick, and a very poor one, to break off a story in the middle because the author is either not provided with a sequel or has become tired of his subject. If it is not worth completing, burn it.

The rest of the ballads we think very inferior to those we have noticed, and far from deserving so many new suits of cloaths as have been judged necessary for their rank in life. Not but there must be some marks of the true poetical genius in whatever Mr. Scott composes; but, knowing his transcendant powers, we grieve when we see them either thrown away or negligently handled. The songs are spirited and elegant compositions, but only five in number. We will give our readers one of the most characteristic and pathetic, which appears to have been composed for Mr. Jones's Collection of Welsh Airs. 'The dying Bard.'

'Dinas Emlinn, lament for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

'In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade,
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

'Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

'And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

'Then adieu, silver Teivi, I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

'And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriors, and matchless thy maids;
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved harp! my last treasure, farewell!'

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ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milkwhite, with black muzzles, horns and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days have lost that peculiarity, perhaps with intermixture with the tame breed.

The notes which accompany this volume, are specimens of that taste and judgment which so peculiarly distinguish Mr. Scott's researches into antiquity. We cannot close our article without expressing a wish that this gentleman might employ his extraordinary talents, and the fair opportunity which his situation affords him, of elucidating by some regular and connected work, the obscure but highly interesting subject of border-history, hitherto made known to us only by uncertain glimpses in indistinct and broken allusions.

ART. III.—*The complete Works in Philosophy, Politics, and Morals of the late Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. now first collected and arranged; with Memoirs of his early Life, written by Himself. In three Volumes.* 8vo. Johnson, 1806.

THE works of a celebrated politician and philosopher are here presented in one view to the consideration of the reader, who may probably have already seen almost the whole of the contents, at least if he has been a studious man, dispersed in various ephemeral publications of the author's times. It is now perhaps rather late to try the merits of Dr. Franklin as a writer, since the public opinion has long ago decided his place. Yet we owe it to the reputation of the man not to pass over in entire silence his present re-appearance on the stage of life, nor to treat the shade of the philosopher with a disrespect which we should not have shown to him when alive. Many who disliked the politics of Franklin, admired the ingenuity of his scientific views, and the neatness of his homely and simple style; while to some, his zealous attachment to the cause of American liberty, appears but to shed an additional lustre on his discoveries in science, and his reputation as a writer.

Our admiration of Franklin's eminence in various departments, is not likely to be diminished by the consideration of the circumstances under which it was attained. He was born in an humble if not an obscure station, and surrounded by all the hardships which a comparative state of poverty cannot fail to occasion. His education was of the lowest description, and hardly embraced objects more conspicuous than the elements of reading and writing. The early necessity of labour abridged his opportunities of self-improvement, and he struggled amid his difficulties with a steady perseverance and a generous ardour, which the sourest cynic will not refuse to commend. In that fragment of his autobiography which is reprinted in these volumes, Dr. Frank-

lin has communicated for the benefit of posterity, the means by which he was enabled to supply the deficiencies of regular instruction; and we believe the receipt to be more useful than new, more easily advised than practised by the majority of men, and to consist in early rising, methodical distribution of time, severe economy of money, and a Spartan contempt of luxurious indulgences. The man who acts upon these principles will rarely fail to outstrip his competitors in the race, and afar off in the midst of honour and wealth to contemplate the abject condition of his former equals.

The American states have produced few considerable men if we regard the large population by which they are inhabited. Some fanciful authors have imagined that the lands of the western hemisphere, being of a younger birth than the rest of the earth, had not been yet able to produce animals of such size and importance, or vegetables of so conspicuous qualities as the elder continents. While others regarding the new world with an eye still less favourable, have asserted that the productions of Europe and Asia languished and degenerated on its ungenial soil, and that the lords of the creation were produced on these western shores with a constitution of body and a vigour of mind unequal to the original powers of the human race. This proposition, which seems very improbable in itself, has yet been countenanced in a certain measure, by the little progress made by the Anglo-Americans in the fine arts, and even in the profounder sciences. But though the fact be thus admitted, there is no reason to attribute the scarcity of poets, painters, and philosophers to want of natural powers, but to the absence of the circumstances necessary to call forth these talents into action. The quantity of superfluous labour is too small in the United States, to enable any great portion of the inhabitants to live a life of idleness and luxury. Where every man may so easily enjoy plenty and independance as an agriculturist, few can be disposed to embrace the condition of a menial; few can be willing to administer to the morbid delicacy of the rich: and without such feelings, the taste for refinement cannot be extensive; the readers of poetry, and the admirers of pictures must be few, and the poets and painters yet fewer. It is not among farmers and tobacco planters that we ought to seek for the votaries of the muses, but in those countries where, land having become scarce, multitudes are compelled to cultivate their talents for their support; and of the many some of course succeed. The Anglo-Americans therefore owe their backwardness in the arts and sciences, not to the deficiencies of their minds, but to the

peculiarities of their situation; and Dr. Franklin has thus another claim to our approbation in having surmounted not only the difficulties of narrow circumstances and imperfect education, but the additional obstructions arising from the state of society in his native country.

There are three great divisions under which all the writings of Dr. Franklin may be arranged. The whole of his works may be considered as philosophical, political, or literary. The merits of them are very different, and the estimation in which they are held by different classes of men is no less so. The whole is ushered in by an advertisement of no considerable length, from the publishers, in which we are informed that the works of Dr. Franklin, though often partially collected, were never before brought together in one uniform publication. The present volumes are professed to contain every thing found in former collections, together with all the separate papers which the editors have been able to discover. No apology is offered or attempted to be offered for accumulating so large a collection: it is even asserted that none can be necessary, unless to the individual to whom Dr. Franklin bequeathed his manuscripts by will.

It appears, according to the statement here given, that the grandson of Franklin hastened shortly after the death of his grandfather to London, with the papers left to his care. After employing some time in ransacking every public library and private repository for productions of the pen of Dr. Franklin, negociations were entered into with the booksellers for the sale of the work. These gentlemen, of course, wanted a good bargain, and demurred regarding the price asked, which amounted to several thousand pounds. We are here informed however from the highest authority, that the clenched fists of the trade were about to relax and pour forth their reluctant guineas, when the manuscript and the proprietor disappeared, and were heard of no more. It is strongly insinuated, or rather positively asserted, that the proprietor had found a bidder of a different description in some emissary of government. Our ministers, it seems, were grievously alarmed at the proposed publication of Dr. Franklin's papers, and were willing to gratify the rapacity of his grandson, rather than permit the world to know his opinion of their predecessors' folly. There appears, however, as much of pique and the malignity of disappointed avarice, as of probability in this statement. It is difficult to imagine what great discoveries were to be dreaded from the publication of these papers, and yet more so to conceive the interest which should induce the ministry of a period subsequent to

the year 1790, to veil with so religious a care, the errors of a former cabinet. We cannot, upon bare supposition, give credit to such improbabilities. It is a favourite maxim of some, that government is always in the wrong, that a place is a sure extinguisher of public virtue, and that from the recesses of the treasury issue forth only bribery and corruption. But on the simple assertion of these opinions, we are not to believe every malevolent insinuation against individuals, nor can the possibility of the purchase of Franklin's manuscripts be admitted as a proof of its actual occurrence. We do not know the character of this grandson of the American philosopher, but if he was a man of liberal mind and delicate feelings, is it not possible also that he might have shrank back in disgust from the shop-keeper-like bartering of the relics of his grandfather? that, unaccustomed to the ways of trade, he might have compared with reluctant indignation, the sale of the mental produce of his revered progenitor to the exposure of a sheep in Smithfield, the shillings in the price of which are counted with avaricious accuracy against the limbs, the fleece, the fat, and the blood of the devoted animal? It is true we had no reason and no right to expect this view in the preface of the publishers, who of course value a work only by its sale, and would give more for a book of scurvy jests than for the finest composition in the world, if it were likely to sell better. But it is not the less just upon that account.

The philosophical papers of Dr. Franklin, which are here collected with great care, consist chiefly of short essays presented to different societies of which he was a member, and of letters written to those numerous correspondents in every part of the world, whom he had procured by his private worth or his public talents. To this part of the work is prefixed his life written by himself; and a very amusing and instructive performance it is, full of ingenious reflexions conveyed in language of striking simplicity, and displaying the sagacity of a profound judgment. Indeed a judgment of uncommon strength and clearness was the most peculiar characteristic of the mind of this philosopher. His account of his life terminates abruptly at an early period, and is continued to his death by the late Dr. Stuber of Philadelphia. On this continuation we cannot bestow much praise. Neither in matter nor composition is it worthy of its place. It is in style as remote from the engaging plainness of Franklin as in thought it is opposite to his moderation, candour and modesty. The praises of America are too frequently introduced, and the eulogium of Franklin is yet more considerable than his merits, though of them we entertain no contemptible idea.

As a philosopher Franklin certainly showed great penetration, and the few experiments which he performed are ingenious and convincing. His theory of positive and negative electricity is undoubtedly the best that has yet been offered of these extraordinary phenomena; but it is not entitled to all the praises which have been heaped upon it by Dr. Stuber. It is not that immaculate and irrefragable explanation which he imagines, and is far from affording a complete and satisfactory account of all the operations of electricity. Yet if Dr. Franklin had done no more, we are willing to admit that his name would have ranked high among the philosophers of his times, and he must still have been regarded as the greatest man of science, of whom the northern continent of America can boast as its own. Nor is it to be denied that the proof which he gave of the real nature of thunder by means of the electrical kite is not only positive and important, but extraordinary in its kind and ingenious in its invention. The whole of Dr. Franklin's papers on this and every other philosophical subject, or at least by far the greatest part of them, are contained in the first of these volumes. From the perusal of them the reader will derive more pleasure than he can fairly expect to experience from the majority of philosophical papers of equal excellence and antiquity. It was one of Franklin's peculiar merits to bring down every thing of which he treated to the plainest and most uneducated understanding. Instead of involving simple truths in pompous and perplexed language, he divested the most abstruse of half their obscurity by the clearness of his expressions, and added the most agreeable *naïveté* of style to the strongest and soundest sense. With these qualifications we do not doubt that the philosophical writings of Franklin will long continue to be read, and the present collection of them is likely to prove a welcome present to many who might find the access difficult to the original publication.

The second division of the contents of this work contains the political papers of Dr. Franklin, consisting of letters, memorials, examinations, and short essays. The active and intelligent mind of this author was early noticed by his countrymen, and long before the separation of the American colonies from England he was a considerable political character. As a member of the assembly of Pennsylvania, he was distinguished, according to Dr. Stuber, by short pithy speeches, where often in a few plain sentences, with half a dozen apt proverbs, and a well told story, he was able to undo the effect of the most flowery and eloquent harangues produced in those days on the other side of the Atlantic. Of this talent the following speech is an example:

'Mr. President,

'I confess that I do not entirely approve of this constitution at present: but, sir, I am not sure I shall never approve it; for having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information, or fuller consideration, to change opinions, even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is, therefore, that, the older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment, and to pay more respect to the judgment of others. Most men, indeed, as well as most sects in religion, think themselves in possession of all truth, and that whenever others differ from them, it is so far error. Steel, a protestant, in a dedication, tells the pope, that "the only difference between our two churches, in their opinions of the certainty of their doctrines is, the Romish church is infallible, and the church of England never in the wrong." But, though many private persons think almost as highly of their own infallibility as of that of their sect, few express it so naturally as a certain French lady, who, in a little dispute with her sister, said I don't know how it happens, sister, but I meet with nobody but myself that is always in the right. *Il n'y a que moi qui a toujours raison.* In these sentiments, sir, I agree to this constitution, with all its faults, if they are such, because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing, if well administered; and I believe farther, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other. I doubt too, whether any other convention we can obtain, may be able to make a better constitution. For when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men, all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me, sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear, that our councils are confounded, like those of the builders of Babylon, and that our states are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting each other's throats.

'Thus I consent, sir, to this constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure, that this is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us in returning to our constituents were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavour to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favour among foreign nations as well as among ourselves from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficiency of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people,

depends on opinion, on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors.

'I hope therefore that for our own sakes as part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this constitution wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavours to the means of having it well administered.

'On the whole, sir, I cannot help expressing a wish, that every member of the convention, who may still have objections, would with me, on this occasion, doubt a little of his own infallibility, and to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument.'

'[The motion was then made for adding the last formula, viz.

'Done in Convention, by the unanimous consent, &c. which was agreed to, and added accordingly.]'

In consequence of this political eminence, Dr. Franklin was appointed agent for several of the states at the court of England, and accordingly for a long series of years he resided in London to watch over their interests and present their remonstrances, which were neither few nor feeble. Upon the whole, though the conduct of Franklin was not always friendly to the interests of England, we believe him to have endeavoured, as far as his influence reached, to promote conciliatory measures between the colonies and the mother country as long as there was any probability of their success. The lapse of thirty years has rooted men's passions and cleared their understandings, and it is now the opinion of most politicians that, if the conduct of Britain was not on the occasion of the unfortunate quarrel tyrannical and unjust, it was at least most unwise and imprudent. When the members of a family dispute, strangers are the gainers, and harmony, goodwill and affection are as eminently useful in the government of men in public as in private life. Considering the very great share which Franklin had in all the transactions which preceded the era of American independence, or accompanied the first years of its existence, it must be allowed that posterity is likely to peruse with great interest, such documents as are here collected. The letters and speeches given in various parts of these volumes, in which the future events between Britain and America are foretold, afford many examples of the justest foresight, though, as Dr. Franklin remarks himself in a letter to Lord Home, he had the fate of Cassandra, not to be believed till the predictions were verified by the event. The following letter shows how sincerely he was disposed to promote a reconciliation between America and England:

'I received your obliging favour of the 12th instant. Your sentiments of the importance of the present dispute between Great Britain and the colonies, appear to me extremely just. There is nothing I wish for more than to see it amicably and equitably settled.

'But Providence will bring about its own ends by its own means, and if it intends the downfall of a nation that nation will be so blinded by its pride, and other passions, as not to see its danger, or how its fall may be prevented.

'Being born and bred in one of the countries, and having lived long and made many agreeable connexions of friendship in the other, I wish all prosperity to both: but I have talked and written so much and so long on the subject, that my acquaintance are weary of hearing, and the public of reading any more of it, which begins to make me weary of talking and writing; especially as I do not find that I have gained any point, in either country, except that of rendering myself suspected, by my impartiality; in England, of being too much an American, and in America of being too much an Englishman. Your opinion, however, weighs with me, and encourages me to try one effort more, in a full, though concise state of facts, accompanied with arguments drawn from those facts; to be published about the meeting of parliament, after the holidays.

'If any good may be done I shall rejoice; but at present I almost despair.'

This is followed by another letter from Mr. Strahan the king's printer, to Dr. Franklin, containing some queries on the subject of the differences between the two countries. A long friendship had united Dr. Franklin to Mr. Strahan, and though the latter appears evidently to be against the cause of the Americans, the discordance of opinion is mildly borne by the former. But after the rupture took place, the doctor's patience and good nature were exhausted, and he abjured the friendship of Strahan in the following terms:

'Mr. Strahan,

'You are a member of that parliament, and have formed part of that majority, which has condemned my native country to destruction.

'You have begun to burn our towns, and to destroy their inhabitants!

'Look at your hands!—they are stained with the blood of your relations and your acquaintances.

'You and I were long friends; you are at present my enemy and I am yours.

'B. FRANKLIN.'

We do not pretend to determine whether an enraged politician may be indulged in these sallies of passion, but at least we may safely assert that such violence is not very phi-

losophical, and in plain language approaches somewhat to the absurd.

The last, the least, and perhaps the best part of Dr. Franklin's works consists of his moral papers. Of these a series of essays, called the Busy Body, were written by the author, when he was a tradesman at Philadelphia, and were published in a weekly newspaper. Franklin was in those days a devoted admirer of the Spectator, and like his great predecessor, he sets himself up as the censor of morals, and the correcter of the minor iniquities of the age. The sermon is suited to the congregation, and frugality, sobriety, and industry are the virtues chiefly inculcated. The style is, as usual, plain and engaging; perhaps occasionally somewhat low. The wit too is not always successful; and on the whole, though a certain class of our country-people might be much benefited by the perusal of these papers, we do not think they are likely to raise the literary reputation of the author to any extraordinary height. Indeed, in some places, both the thoughts and expressions are actually vulgar and dirty.

A number of detached little essays follow the Busy Body. Some of these have great merit. We may specify a very lively and humorous dialogue between Franklin and the gout, which we regret extremely that we cannot quote entire, on account of its length, and we are unwilling to garble it by excerption. The same objection does not apply to the following new mode of lending money:

'I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give such a sum. I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must *pay me* by lending this sum to him, enjoining him, to *discharge the debt* by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meet with a *knave* to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a good deal with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and make the most of a *little*.'

Dr. Franklin appears to have borne his old age well. He never degraded his character by that captious querulousness so frequent amongst those of advanced years. He contemplated futurity without horror, and reflected on the past with a mixture of satisfaction and pride. Perhaps an excellent constitution and habits of uncommon temperance contributed in no small degree to the health of his body,

as well as to the moral qualities of his mind. It is no unusual thing to condemn others for faults, from which it is no merit in us to be free. The man of robust health cannot imagine the nature of his sensations, who pines under a thousand harassing feelings, and falls a martyr to the gradual progress of internal and unobvious disease. Dr. Franklin however, till a short time before his death, enjoyed a state of health fortunate for himself and for the world, and he bore the pains of the gravel in the latter part of his existence with philosophic equanimity. After a long life, during which he had obtained an independent fortune, an exalted rank among his fellow citizens, the love, the esteem, and the admiration of the greater part of the world; after witnessing the independence and prosperity of his native country, and after observing her rapid progress to greatness, he died full of years and honor. The Anglo-Americans cannot be accused of undervaluing his merits, either as a philosopher or a statesman. Their great men are too few to be forgotten, and it is only common policy to think, or at least to speak well of one's native country. Yet it is surprising that so little pains have been taken by the inhabitants of the United States to illustrate the reputation of Dr. Franklin, that so many years should have passed without an attempt on their part to collect and arrange his literary and philosophical productions, and that at last the task should have devolved on the booksellers of London. As the Americans in general are not insensible to the pleasures of a profitable adventure, we must suppose this supineness on their part to have arisen from one source only, from the conviction of the improbability of the success of such a speculation in their country.

One portion of Dr. Franklin's works may perhaps be separated advantageously from the general division which we made of them into philosophical, political and literary. We allude to those papers which treat of political economy, and especially of the political economy of America. In these there are certainly many marks of a profound and acute judgment. When it is considered that these reflexions were written very long ago, before so much light was thrown on these subjects by the admirable theory of Dr. Smith, we cannot help wondering how well the native strong sense of Dr. Franklin has guided him through the perplexities of intricate questions, and how frequently he has forestalled the opinions of our celebrated countryman. On other parts of political economy, which do not regard the value of money and labour so much as the principles of population and the prosperity of states, he is no less just and distinct

in his views; and the reader of some taste and considerable acuteness will not fail to be gratified by the ingenuity and strength of his reasonings. Though a considerable part of the knowledge, perhaps the whole, may be obtained more completely from more recent sources, there is, notwithstanding, great pleasure in observing the process by which the mind of a man of genius arrives at its conclusions, and we may admire the beauty and elegance of the structure, and the correctness of its proportions, though architecture may afford specimens of more complete art and more extensive utility.

In general the contents of these volumes have afforded us considerable satisfaction, and we believe that the public will receive them with pleasure. The paper, ornaments and typography are of commendable elegance, and the work will form a necessary appendage to every library of the smallest pretensions to importance.

ART. IV. *The Iliad of Homer, translated into Blank-Verse: with Notes. By P. Williams, D.D. Archdeacon of Merioneth, &c. (Vol. I. containing the first Book.)* 12mo. 3s. Lackington. 1806.

IT is very easy to lay down precepts for translation both in prose and verse, and those precepts have at various times been well drawn up and elegantly enforced. But a very short comparison of the number of those who have made attempts in this way with that of the unsuccessful adventurers, will suffice to convince us that translation is not so easy a thing as it may appear in theory. Even in prose, the transfusion of idiom without suffering the spirit to evaporate is a task in which very few have attained much eminence. Except the Expedition of the Ten Thousand Greeks translated by Spelman, Polybius by Hampton, Aristotle's Art of Poetry by Twining, and the Letters of Cicero and Pliny by Melmoth, we do not at present recollect any English translation of a classical prose author, which satisfies at once the learned and the unlearned reader. But in poetry, the difficulty of translation arises in a very high proportion. Rowe's Lucan is perhaps the best version of which we have to boast; yet how far it is from a perfect model, any one who has read Dr. Bentley's observations at the end of the Eleutherus Lipsiensis, may easily judge. Dryden's Virgil is as full of faults as it is of beauties. Horace we have none: and notwithstanding the laborious, and certainly in parts successful, attempts of Pope and Cowper, we will venture to add—

Homer we have none. Nor is the desideratum, we fear, likely to be supplied by Dr. Williams. At least this will not be the case unless he entirely new-casts his first book, and executes the rest on a very different plan to that which he has hitherto adopted.

We admire not that repressive style of criticism, which throws cold water upon every bold essay to improve upon past labours by taxing the adventurer with impudence. In an arduous undertaking like the present, nothing but a succession of efforts can give a chance for success. It was Dryden's attempt to translate the first book of the Iliad, which very probably suggested to Pope the idea of completing the work. It was Pope's failure which induced Cowper to try the effect of verse without ryhme. And who knows but Dr. Williams's example may tempt some brother Cambrian to tune his harp to the genuine notes of the Grecian minstrel? At the same time it must be acknowledged that a perfect poetical translation of Homer, into English or any other modern language, is one of the most hazardous atchievements. Homer wrote his epic poems in what may comparatively be called a semi-barbarous age, and, like every other original writer, he wrote to please the taste of his contemporaries. Hence arises an infinity of quaint expressions, vulgar allusions, and minute narrations, which suited his own age and country, and while communicated in his own language, do not offend even readers of a more refined æra, for this plain reason, that referring every thing to the circumstances in which he wrote his poems, we find all consistent and of a piece, however abhorrent in some particulars from modern manners. But when these exotic ideas are communicated in a modern language, the mind is immediately revolted by this heterogeneous mixture of new and old; and hence arises the grand obstacle to the naturalization of Homer. Pope saw this difficulty, and, to avoid it, has modernized the manners and sentiments of his original to so unwarrantable a degree, as to justify the observation of 'slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,' that, though a pretty poem, his translation was not *Homer*. In a word, Pope, like the nurse-maid of his Scriblerus, has rubbed up the rusty nail; but, like her too, he has spoiled the antique. Cowper has run into the opposite extreme. An enthusiastic admirer of his author, he was not aware that what is good in Greek, will not always please in English. *Hollow barks* and *swift ships*, are insufferably bald and insipid expressions to an English reader, though to the classical student, whose mind immediately springs off from the copy to the original, they may not be quite so offensive. Something,

therefore, must evidently be sacrificed of fidelity to ease, and a translator of Homer must either take the liberty of dropping his otiose epithets, as 'swift-winged words,' 'far-darting Apollo,' &c, or be content to see his pages converted into an envelope by grocers and pastry-cooks. Yet even here nothing more ought to be detracted from accuracy than is necessary to ensure ease and originality; and much, after all, will remain of an antique quaintness, which we see one, and only one, method of remedying; namely, by giving an air of antiquity to the style, and forming it upon a model somewhere between that of Spenser and Milton. We have often regretted that Cowper yielded so far to the criticisms of his friends, as to cancel most of the antiquated phrases which he had, it seems, at first introduced into his version. This plan, and a little more of the sinewy strength of the Miltonic measure, would have elevated his performance infinitely above its present merits. Nothing, we are experimentally convinced, can ever make Homer palatable to a modern reader, but an artificial air of antiquity, such as may supply that which is essential to the original; and he that would copy the Iliad so as to please, must dip his pencil in colours extracted from our older poets and 'songs of other years.' But this is not all: He must endeavour to acquire that harmonious strength of versification, and that sustained dignity of manner in relating little as well as great events, which shine so peculiarly in Milton, and which, since him, no writer of English blank-verse has ever completely mastered. A story-teller, so very circumstantial as Homer (as Cowper has justly remarked in one of his letters) must of necessity often present us with much matter in itself capable of no other embellishment, than purity of diction and harmony of versification can give to it. *Hic labor, hoc opus est.* For our language, unless it be very severely chastised, has not the terseness, nor our measure the music of the Greek. To this he must add a judicious discernment of what may be copied exactly, and what requires to be softened, and how much softened, in order to please in English. At any rate, he must pursue a widely different track from Dr. Williams, to whose specimen it is high time to confine our attention.

In the first place, then, Dr. Williams is of an opinion diametrically opposite to what we have stated as our own respecting the use of antiquated expressions. On this subject he shall speak for himself.

'The public have also decreed, that Mr. Cowper has by no means succeeded as a translator of Homer—That his sentence though copious

is often inverted and abrupt, his phrase too harsh and colloquial, bordering at times on what is even vulgar, and that both his metre, and language, savour too much of the style and manner used two hundred years ago—That, though he has painted some of the descriptive scenes with a masterly hand, still, his Homeric verse and period are, in general, very different from his own in that classical poem the Task; for, even from his own account in some of the letters lately published by Mr. Hayley, he seems to have conceived a strange idea, that Homer, because a very ancient author, ought to be translated in an antiquated style and manner.'

Again Dr. W. professes (page xi.) to have endeavoured to avoid the adscititious finery of Pope on one hand, and, on the other, the '*robes antique*' of Cowper. It is unnecessary to repeat here our arguments in favour of these robes antique; but we do not perceive that Dr. Williams varies from his predecessor much in this respect. The words *erst, ken, straight,* meet our eyes at the first opening of the book, and we find many rather awkward inversions, as the accusative case placed between the nominative and the verb, which carry something of an antique air, if not dress. Of the harmonious variety of which blank-verse is capable, Dr. Williams seems either totally insensible or regardless. What ear can endure the latter of the two following lines?

'Who kenn'd that silver-footed Thetis, daughter
Of th' old sire Marine, had with him conferr'd.'

Vulgar and colloquial phrases occur almost in every line.

'For Atreus' son had Chryses *roughly us'd,*'

———'Then, *in that case,*
Prepare this instant some reward for me.'

'Thou drunkard! dog in *effrontery,* but dire
At heart!' &c.

'For, of old, with ev'n braver men than you
I've dealings had, and they ne'er *held me cheap.*'

The two last examples are as deficient in harmony as in dignity of expression.

The following two lines may stand as a sample of Dr. W.'s proficiency in the *Bathetic.*

—'Woe betide the man whom I approach!
But of these things we 'll think some other time.'

There would be no end, if we were to attempt to transcribe all the absurd quaintnesses and vulgarisms, into which the present translator has been betrayed by a wish to be literal and at the same time familiar.

Agamemnon is *sore chagrined;* the priest *vilely used;* and Achilles cries out *sine fuco ac fallaciis*: 'I'm off for Phthia.' Μεροπων ανθρωπων is rendered with perfidious fidelity, 'of men articulating various sounds;' which falls not far short of Dr. Geddes's version of αμφηρεφεα τε φαρετρην, 'And an all-round-about-close-cover'd quiver.'

The reader will by this time be sensible, that if Pope's translation was poetry without being Homer, Dr. W.'s bids fair to inherit the converse of this title, and to be Homer without being poetry, as far as this can be the case. But let us be just: Dr. W. has certainly in some particulars of no great importance given the sense of his author more accurately than his predecessors: his notes are entertaining and useful, and he has borrowed freely from Damm and Heyne in composing them. To the novice in Greek learning, for whom his work seems principally intended, it may be not without some little use. But readers of taste will, we believe, look for something better before they throw aside the translations of Pope or even of Cowper, defective as they are.

We have extended our strictures longer than we otherwise should, considering the smallness and inferior merits of the volume, that we might avert, if possible, the threatened continuation of the work. We shall conclude them with a short extract, sufficient to confirm our sentence, though selected rather favourably to the translator than otherwise.

'Thus he with fervour pray'd: Apollo heard,
And hied him down the steep Olympian cliffs,
Angry at heart, and cross his shoulders wore
His bow, and quiver clos'd at either end.
All on the shoulders of the god enraged
The arrows rattled as he mov'd along.
" Right onward then he drove, gloomy as night:"
Beside the ships he sat, and shot a shaft:
Dire grew the twanging of the silver bow.
He first indeed the mules and dogs assail'd;
Then shooting at themselves a deadly dart,
He smote; and frequent Pyres for ever glow'd!'

ART. V.—*Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and the adjoining Countries, &c. By Thomas Johnes. Vol.* 4 *to* 9. Longman, *&c.* 1806.

THE third volume of this most interesting work (Crit. Rev. March, 1806,) brought us to the renewal of hostilities between France and England, occasioned by the arbi-

trary and impolitic conduct which our Black Prince exercised in his government of Aquitaine. We are now compelled to forego the proud satisfaction, with which, as Englishmen, we dwelt on the victories of Crecy, Poitiers, and Najara, and to witness the sad reverse of so flattering a picture, in disgraceful scenes of rapacity and extortion on the one hand, and, on the other, in repeated and successive losses of towns and provinces, the decay of national glory and enthusiasm, and the exchange of that romantic honour and generosity, by which in happier times we were distinguished, for a spirit of sordid avarice and private ambition, which alienated our allies and confirmed the hatred of our enemies. This unhappy change was accelerated by the loss of some among the bravest of Edward's antient companions, and by the declining years and consequent inactivity of others. Their successors were, for the most part, a set of arrogant nobles, puffed up with pride on account of the victories of their fathers, but unsupported by any glorious actions or illustrious virtues of their own. A strong instance of this contrast occurs to our notice early in the fourth volume, in the behaviour of the young and headstrong Earl of Pembroke, by whose ill-timed jealousy Sir John Chandos was deprived of the most favourable opportunities of restoring the power and glory of his countrymen. Yet when driven to extremities in consequence of his own folly, and blockaded in the town of Puirenon, he saw no possibility of escaping but through the interference of the injured veteran. Sir John delayed not for an instant to grant the relief which the earl condescended to implore, but, by a rapid march, saved him and his companions from destruction. This action appears to have been in strict conformity with the liberal principles and the established laws of knighthood. 'Honourable men at arms,' says Louis Raimbaut the free-booter, 'should be above low jealousies.'

Sir John himself was, shortly after, slain in a skirmish, to the great grief of all the barons and knights of Poitou, who, when they saw him dying, exclaimed, 'Flower of knighthood! Oh Sir John Chandos! cursed be the forging of that lance which wounded thee, and which has thus endangered thy life.' 'God have mercy on his soul!' adds the historian, 'for never since an hundred years did there exist among the English one more courteous nor fuller of every virtue and good quality than him.' With him perished all hopes of peace, which, had he lived, might have been brought about by his superior prudence and wisdom, and the confidence of all parties in his unblemished integrity.

The capture of the Earl of Pembroke with an army, the

flower of English chivalry, by a Castilian fleet, appears to have been another dreadful blow to our power in France. Though rash and presumptuous, he was a valiant nobleman, and generous, where prejudices did not bias, nor evil counsel mislead him; and his death shortly followed his captivity. We may also remark the loss of Sir John Greilly, the famous Captal de Buche, who was, in like manner, made prisoner and, after virtuously resisting all temptations to become 'a Frenchman,' died of grief and impatience in the Temple at Paris.

The Prince of Wales yet lived; but he was no longer the generous conqueror of Poitiers, or the brave and active supporter of a Castilian prince. Declining rapidly in health and strength, all the superior qualities of his soul appear to have decayed in proportion to those of his body. The fatal system of policy which he had adopted, alienated from him the hearts of all his subjects in Aquitaine, and he was too proud to remedy, by contrary measures, the evils which had been introduced by oppression. Poitou became the theatre of a bloody and disastrous war. 'Lords and knights were opposed to each other; the strong oppressed the weak, and none received either law, justice, or right. The castles and strong places were intermixed, some being French, others English, who each made incursions on the other, and pillaged on all other sides without mercy.' The unfortunate system we had adopted, besides casting an odium on our national character, exalted that of our enemies, who by opposing us acquired the reputation of friends to liberty and the people. The excellent policy of Charles the Wise, and the prudence and valour of his great general, the Constable du Guesclin, formed also a striking contrast to the misconduct of the King of England's lieutenants; and the prince had every species of mortification to endure before his state of health became so alarming as to compel his return from the continent.

At length, in the year 1376, 'that flower of English knighthood' departed this life. The memory of his early exploits still supported his high reputation, and his funeral was observed with scarcely less solemnity at Paris than at Westminster. The death of the king followed in less than a year, and he also was honoured with the remembrance and veneration of his enemies.

'As soon as the king of France learnt the death of king Edward, he said, that he had reigned most nobly and valiantly, and that his name ought to be remembered with honour among heroes. Many nobles and prelates of this realm were assembled to perform his obsequies with due respect, in the holy chapel of the palace at Paris.'

Still the victories of former days had left strong traces

on the national character, though the spirit of enterprize which arose from the proud consciousness of superiority degenerated with a restless impatience of peace and good order. To purge the realm of these violent humours, recourse was often had to a foreign war or distant expedition, the slightest pretext for which was always embraced with avidity by the rulers, and blindly followed up by the people. It was the common consequence that the very allies, for whom such perilous services were undertaken, were hurried into accommodations with their enemies from fear of the impatience and rapacity of their friends. Such was the fate which attended the armament of the Earl of Buckingham, who after ravaging the finest countries of France, from Calais to Rennes, in support of his good cousin the Duke of Britanny, found on his arrival in that prince's dominions, a peace half-concluded, every city and fort shut against him, and nothing friendly in his reception except the alacrity with which ships were fitted out for his departure. Nearly the same story is told over again in the expedition of the Earl of Cambridge to Portugal; enraged at finding their ally less zealous than they were led to expect, his soldiers began to make war on their own accounts, and at last could with difficulty be prevented from turning their arms with equal fury against friends and foes. The Portuguese might indeed have been seriously apprehensive of encouraging as their inmates men who professed themselves openly 'friends of God, and enemies of all the world;' and we cannot be surprized at the dispatch with which all old quarrels were settled and leave taken of such dangerous guests.

The expedition of the Duke of Lancaster into Spain, (undertaken for the purpose of conquering the kingdom of Castile, to which he had a strictly legitimate title in right of his wife, the daughter of Peter the Cruel) was not, indeed, attended with circumstances so degrading to the English name, though the result may appear both disgraceful and unnatural to those who venerate the all-powerful virtues of good port, and have been taught to consider their attachment to it as one of the most valuable attributes of the English character. Our ancestors, who usually, as Froissart remarks, 'fed on fresh meats and good rich ale, which is a diet to keep their bodies wholesome,' found the wines of Portugal 'so hot and fiery they scarcely could drink them, and when any of them drank too much, they were disabled for two days; they found their heads, stomachs, and bowels affected, and had not any remedy, for there was a scarcity' (oh milk-

sops !) ' *of good water to temper them with or to cool them.*' Yet, ' though they found their livers, lungs, and bowels enflamed, they were *forced* to drink hard to drown their cares.' The violent epidemical disease, which spread among them in consequence of this unusual diet, at last put an end to all their hopes of conquest, and compelled them to relinquish the benefits of a successful campaign without having once met their enemies openly in the field. Qu. Are 'the heads, stomachs and bowels, lungs and livers,' of modern Englishmen stronger than those of their hardy ancestors? Or does the copious *dilution* of brandy, with which we receive our wines, moderate their ' hot and fiery' nature ? Or lastly, are deluges of port rather less *innocent* and *balmy* than is vulgarly supposed?

But, if our national character had suffered in the estimation of foreigners since the days of Crecy and Poitiers, our individual superiority seems to have been still generally felt and acknowledged. It is perhaps an unallowable gratification of vanity to observe that, in the days of Froissart, of whose impartiality an *attentive* perusal of his Chronicles can leave no doubt, the name of an Englishman was almost proverbial for personal strength and valour. The Duke of Berry cannot find a term more expressive of the danger into which Flanders had been thrown by the revolt of Ghent, than that Philip Von Artaveld, the captain of the rebels, was ' an Englishman for courage.' ' You will not see them cross over this year,' said the Flemings, speaking of the mighty preparations for invasion made by Charles VI. in 1386. ' They think they shall easily conquer England; but it will not be so: it is not so easy a matter, for the English are made of other stuff than the French. ' What can they do to England ? When the English invaded France, they shut themselves up in their castles and strong towns, and fled before them like larks before a sparrow-hawk.'

The whole account of this famous armament is extremely interesting, particularly at a time when we have been so long threatened with similar attempts. The suddenness of the project, the extensive nature of the preparations, the enthusiasm with which it was followed up, and the unaccountable lightness and folly with which it was relinquished, form a strong contrast to the firm activity and steady valour with which the lords of England prepared to oppose them, and to the cheerfulness and promptitude with which all ranks of people came forward to contribute to the national defence, and the humiliation of the enemy. The speech which Froissart attributes to ' the prudent and va-

liant' earl of Salisbury at the meeting of parliament, may serve as a model for the present, and every future age.

'Your majesty, and my lords present, need not be surprised if our adversary the king of France, proposes to invade us; for since the death of the most potent and sagacious prince Edward of happy memory, our sovereign lord, this realm has incurred several risks of being destroyed by its own subjects and the commotions of peasants. It is also perfectly well known in France that we disagree among ourselves, and are torn by factions, which makes them imagine their enterprize cannot fail of success. The danger is indeed great, for he must be weak who fears not his enemy. While we remained united, the king with the people and the people with the king, we were victorious and powerful, and there were none able to do us any essential injury. It is therefore necessary, (and never was any thing in England more pressing) for us to act in unity, and reform what may be wrong, if we wish to preserve our honour, as well as for us to inquire into the state of our ports, that such defence may be made that the kingdom be not any way hurt, nor we accused of neglect by the country. This realm has been long in its flower; and you know that what is in flower has greater need of attention than if in fruit. We must therefore act as if it was in flower; for, since these last sixty-years, those knights and squires who have gone out of it have acquired more renown than any others of what nation soever. Let us exert ourselves that our honour be preserved untarnished as long as we live.'

This most loyal and courageous knight of Edward's court, even in those days of romantic honour and generosity, when a contempt of fear seemed to be the highest praise that could be bestowed on man, made use, nevertheless, of this memorable expression. 'He must, indeed, be weak, who fears not his enemy.' Let the raw and hot-headed boasters of a nation, which has not, within the memory of man, beheld the face of war, learn true patriotism from the bravest of their ancestors, and, at the same time that they fortify their minds for the trial which may await them, cease vain-gloriously to imprecate the most horrible of all calamities upon their country!

We have dwelt, perhaps, too long on these passages in the Chronicles which relate to our own history, especially as it occupies by no means the principal part of the present volumes, and as Froissart's peculiar merit consists rather in his delineation of character, and the complete picture of manners which he holds out to our observation. Leaving, therefore, all further account of the general contents, we will resume the examination, which in our review of the former volumes has been commenced, of the characteristic features of the age.

The several virtues of chivalry are thus enumerated by

the historian himself in his eulogy on that accomplished warrior, sir Guiscard d'Angle, Earl of Huntingdon, preceptor to Richard the second. 'He possessed all the virtues which a knight at that time ought to have; he was gay, loyal, gallant, prudent, secret, generous, bold, determined, and enterprising.'

It will appear rather extraordinary to those, whose ideas respecting the character of the feudal ages are confined to personal force and prowess, to barbarous heroism and restless ignorance, that *gaiety* should be placed at the head of these essential qualities. Yet it certainly is not rated too highly by Froissart in his estimate of Sir Guiscard's virtues. Whether taken in its most extensive sense of splendid entertainments and costly shews, or merely as expressive of convivial talents and agreeable manners, the age abounded in gaiety; while reserve and austerity were, on the contrary, held a reproach to knighthood. In how very high esteem our good canon held a free and communicative disposition, and the qualities of wit, humour, and lively conversation, appears from the commendations he frequently bestows on such knights as were most distinguished for those talents. Thus, in detailing the events of the embassy of the Lords de Coucy and de la Riviere, and Sir John de Vienne, to the duke of Britanny, he says,

'The duke shewed them every attention, and conducted them, laughing and joking, to his apartments, where they amused themselves with much cheerfulness, as great lords are accustomed to do who have not seen each other for some time. All four knew how to keep up a brilliant conversation as well, if not better than any lords I ever saw, not excepting the duke of Brabant, the count de Foix, nor the count de Savoy; and, in particular, the lord de Coucy shone above all others, as was acknowledged by all lords and ladies, in whatever country he had visited, whether France, England, Germany, Lombardy, or any other places. He had seen much of the world, and had travelled to various parts, to which he was naturally inclined.'

This gaiety displayed itself most to Froissart's satisfaction in tilts and tournaments, balls and pageants, at royal and noble weddings, public entries and coronations. It mixed itself also with the *gallantry* which was another necessary virtue of true knighthood, and which we are erroneously led to consider as it appears in the stiff and formal romances of Scuderi. We have a curious example of the courtship most agreeable to the ladies of those times, in an anecdote of Sir John de Bonnelance, who being, as we are told, 'courteous, amorous, and eager to display his courage,' was

sent by the duke of Bourbon on an expedition against certain of the English free companions, who, at that time, ravaged the countries of Auvergne and Limosin. He was fortunate enough to take one of their leaders, and recollected on his journey towards Clermont, where the duke lay, that, as he was amusing himself about a month before among some ladies and damsels at Montferrant, one, in whose good graces he was, expressed her desire to see an Englishman. In order to gratify this lady's longing, he made no scruple of turning aside to Montferrant, and there his lovely friends immediately assembled to entertain and feast him.

'He gallantly received them, for he was a prudent knight,* and addressing himself to the lady who was so anxious to see an Englishman, said,—"Lady, I am come to acquit myself of the promise I made you about a month ago, that if I should, by good fortune, take an Englishman prisoner, I would shew him to you. Through the grace of God, I have this day fallen in with a party of very valiant ones; but, although they gave us enough to do, the field is ours. They were not indeed real Englishmen, but Gascons who wage war under that name, and come from Béarn and upper Gascony. You may view them at your leisure; for, out of my love to you, I shall leave them in this town until they have paid me their ransom."

'The ladies laughed, turned the matter into merriment, and said, they were obliged to him.'

Of all the characters that came immediately under Froissart's observation, he seems to have admired most that of Gaston Phœbus, count de Foix; it will not therefore be amiss to enter somewhat particularly into its detail. 'To speak briefly and truly, the count de Foix was *perfect* in person and mind; and no contemporary prince could be compared with him for sense, honour, and liberality.' He was, undoubtedly, one of the most politic and well-informed princes of the age, and seems, from many facts recorded in this history, to have deserved all the encomiums which Froissart bestows upon him for his *prudence*. His *generosity* and *liberality* were truly noble, and give us some idea of what was then expected from a rich and powerful knight. His *piety* also was signal, according to the taste of the age: yet he had one *little failing*, for which, had he been an English lord in later times, he would certainly have been

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* 'Preux Chevalier.' 'Prud 'homme.'

This is one of those characteristic expressions, for which it is difficult to find a substitute. Mr. Johnes is certainly not at all correct in translating it 'prudent.' Preux is, in effect, one possessed of the knightly virtues. It would have been better rendered 'a *true* knight.'

hanged, like lord Ferrers; yet it does not appear to have detracted, in the opinion of the historian, from any of his great and good qualities. This *foible* was, the most ungovernable passion.

Froissart, upon being told the story of 'how the count de Foix came to murder his cousin, Sir Peter Arnaut de Bèarn,' very naturally asked his informer, 'has the count made any amends for the murder of the knight? or has he ever again been in such passions?' He seems, however, to have been well satisfied with the answer. 'Yes, very often. But, as for amends, he has never made any, except indeed by secret penances, masses, and prayers.' But this was nothing to what follows. The count had one only legitimate son, a youth of great promise, who by a chain of very unfortunate circumstances fell under the strong suspicion of a design to take away his father's life. He was, consequently, thrown into a dungeon, where, conscious of his innocence, he pined away with melancholy, and at length refused all kind of sustenance. On being informed of this rebellious plan of starvation, we read that

'The count was enraged, and, without saying a word, left his apartment and went to the prison of his son. In an evil hour, he had in his hand a knife, with which he had been paring and cleaning his nails; he held it by the blade so closely that scarcely the thickness of a groat appeared of the point, when, pushing aside the tapestry that covered the entrance of the prison, through ill-luck, he hit his son on a vein of his throat, as he uttered, "ha, traitor, why dost not thou eat?" and instantly left the room, without saying or doing any thing more. The youth was much frightened at his father's arrival, and withal exceedingly weak from fasting. The point of the knife, small as it was, cut a vein, which as soon as he felt he turned himself on one side and died.'

It is true that, when he had intelligence of the melancholy catastrophe, he 'ordered his barber to be sent for, and was shaven quite bare; he clothed himself, as well as his whole household, in black;' but even Froissart does not say that this was quite 'making amends.'

Generosity and *hospitality* are virtues for which we are much more ready to give credit to our ancestors than for sensibility or refinement of manners. We meet with many delightful instances of that openness and warmth of character, which is the universal companion of an elevated courage and a noble temper. A valiant knight not only admired, but loved, valour in an enemy; and the tales, which we are taught to think romantic, of the strongest friendship cemented between magnanimous opponents, are verified by many incidents in real history. How pleasing is the picture

presented to us of our heroic prince Edward, who, weakened by sickness and fatigue, soured by disappointment, and exasperated by recent rebellions, happened to pass in his carriage by the spot where three French knights were engaged most valiantly in fighting hand to hand, against his brothers and the earl of Pembroke in the face of a victorious English company! 'He looked on the combat with great pleasure, and enjoyed it so much that his heart was softened and his anger appeased.'

A very humane and liberal system of conduct towards prisoners of war had obtained, at this time, throughout the more polished nations of Europe. We seldom meet with instances of a contrary treatment, and never without such execrations of the historian, as shew how unworthy it was considered of a soldier's character. He is fond, on all occasions, of introducing a contrast between the manners of the French and English and those of their less civilized neighbours. 'They neither shut them up in prison,' says he, speaking of some English prisoners made by the constable du Guesclin, 'nor put on shackles and fetters, as the Germans do, in order to obtain a heavier ransom. Curses on them for it! These people are without pity or honour, and they ought never to receive quarter. The French entertained their prisoners well, and ransomed them courteously without being too hard with them.' In other passages he notices the Spaniards as being equally barbarous with the Germans in their treatment of prisoners. But the highest praise is bestowed on the Scots, who, though particularly harsh and uncivil in their general conduct towards strangers, (as appears by their behaviour to the Admiral de Vienne and the French knights who came to assist them in making war on England) are mentioned, notwithstanding, as in a superior degree 'courteous and accommodating' to those who fell into their hands at Otterbourne.

The accounts of the open house kept by the count de Foix, of his noble reception and courteous entertainment of strangers, of the numbers of minstrels maintained in his service by rich rewards and honourable treatment, of the presents with which he constantly loaded his guests on their departure, and (above all) of his Michaelmas and Christmas dinners at Orthèz, present striking pictures of the *hospitality* of the times. The drinking wine at the table of a stranger appears to have been a pledge of friendship or protection, as sacred as the partaking of salt among the eastern nations; and the breach of this duty appears to have been no small aggravation to the duke of Britanny's treachery in his apprehension of the constable de Clisson. But, if treachery was a vice,

prudence was a virtue of knighthood entitled to the highest admiration, and was perhaps allowed to infringe on the borders of cunning without calling down any very severe reprobation. At least, the division of the provinces was not very distinctly marked, and the inconsistent qualities of a most punctilious honour and a most shrewd policy often appear in one and the same character, without exciting the surprise or calling forth the notice of the historian.

Those persons are guilty of a gross injustice to the age of *romance*, who bestow the epithet *romantic* on the modern system of *honour*. In the days of which we are speaking, the reproach of cowardice or of falsehood was more often cleansed away by generous and warlike actions than by the weak and dubious purgation of a duel. A quarrel in love might have proved the occasion of the offended party requiring to prove his superiority and deserve the favour of his mistress by his exertions and dexterity at a tilt; but the challenge to mortal fight was reserved for the day of battle, or as the last resort of a rude system of judicature on a disputed point of evidence. There was, however, an *honour* peculiar to those days, and of which it is to be wished the *honourable* men of the present would afford more frequent specimens. It consisted in a strict performance of promises, an incorruptible adherence to the word once given. It was the most indispensable law of knighthood. Many instances might be produced of its influence on the character of the age, but none perhaps more striking than the conduct of the duke of Gueldres, recorded towards the conclusion of Mr. Johnes's ninth volume. That impetuous, but generous, young nobleman had been made prisoner in a crusade against the infidel Prussians, and, considering the uncivilized state of the nations who dwelt around the shores of the Baltic, we can hardly suppose him to have been in a much more enviable situation than Regulus in the hands of the Carthaginians. The *Paynims* were, however, pursued so hotly by the grand master of the Teutonic order and his knights, that they found themselves forced to relinquish their prize. The 'squire' to whom our duke had surrendered, finding himself somewhat unwilling to lose such a prospect of wealth, before he consulted his own safety, thus addressed his prisoner. 'Duke of Gueldres, you are my prisoner, and I am your master. You, as a gentleman, have pledged your faith and oath that, wherever I should please to go, thither you would follow me. Do you remain, if you please, but I shall carry away your faith with me.' The duke made no reply, and the squire departed, leaving him at liberty.

'When the duke of Gueldres arrived at Koningsberg, having obtained his liberty in the manner I have said, he considered that he had pledged his faith to return to the squire who had made him prisoner: likewise remembering what the squire had said to him on his departure, he was much cast down, and thought himself bounden in honour to acquit himself loyally towards him. He therefore told the grand master he could not longer remain with him, nor for any dispensation or absolution would give up his intention of surrendering himself to his master in the castle where he had been appointed to do so; which every one considered as an act of great honour.'

The reader will be pleased to find, that notwithstanding he had fallen into such bad hands, the honest duke did not experience either a spiked barrel or any unpleasant operation on his eye-lids; but, after some tedious negotiations and ungenerous extortions, was at length sent back safe to his own dominions.

We have dwelt long enough on the more refined and gentle virtues of knighthood, and it will be expected of us, before we conclude, to say a few words on the warlike and fearless spirit which its laws inculcated, especially as the detail of heroic actions formed the principal, though to us it may not be the greatest recommendation, of our good canon's writings.

It must be confessed that many of the most gallant deeds of the time, and of those which Froissart seems most inclined to commend, were performed out of a romantic bravado, or in satisfaction of some ridiculous oath. Such was the atchievement of Sir John Swinton,* who, at the the siege of Noyon, rode away from his troop up to the town, and there, dismounting and leaving his horse to the care of his page, leaped the barriers, and continued on the inside, fighting for the space of half an hour with several French knights; after which, 'he leaped over the barriers again without hurt, and, armed as he was, jumped up behind the page on his courser. When he was thus mounted, he said to the French 'Adieu, gentlemen! many thanks to you,' and, spurring his steed, rejoined his companions.' This particular species of bravado appears, indeed, to have been very common in the English army. It was repeated at Troyes by a squire of the earl of Buckingham. A vain-glorious knight in sir Robert Knoller's

* Called by Froissart 'Assueton.' We are indebted for the correction of this mistake to Walter Scott, esq., who has afforded Mr. Johnes some very respectable assistance towards elucidating his author, by the observations he has communicated on the battle of Otterbourn.

army attempted a similar exploit before Paris; but, finding the barriers well lined, contented himself with valiantly striking them with his lance, and then, after having endured the well deserved laughter of the beholders, had a very unknightly end put to his career by the hatchet of a courageous butcher.

But the most common proof, in those days, of valour and gallantry was in 'tilting for love of the ladies.' Many curious instances of this species of trial between the knights of France and England occur in these volumes, and are detailed at great length. They seldom ended without wounds, and sometimes in a yet more serious manner. Sir Lancelot de Lorris, a young and gallant French knight, was killed by sir John Copeland at a tilt 'in honour of his lady.' John Boucmel, a squire of Cherbourg, was also slain by Nicholas Clifford in a tilt of the same nature before the earl of Buckingham. These catastrophes were always accidental; for the smallest suspicion of design would have eternally stigmatised the character of the homicide; but it was impossible to take sufficient precautions for security. The least formidable of these rencontres consisted of nine courses, (as they were called), three with the lance, three with the sword, and three with the short sword or dagger. To these, three courses with the battle-axe were often added; and all the weapons were to be of the keenest blades and finest temper. 'Now consider,' says our author, 'the perils those run who engage in such combats to exalt their honour; for one unlucky stroke puts an end to the business.' But these perils were little regarded by men who, as sir John Holland confesses of himself, 'loved nothing better than fighting.'

In those days, personal strength was placed almost on an equality with the virtues of the mind. Both in history and romance, it is often ranked among knightly qualifications with courtesy, honour, prudence, &c. &c. The feat of Ernauton d'Espaing, therefore, deserves to be noticed among the various atchievements which Froissart has recorded. It was 'on a Christmas day, when the count de Foix was celebrating the festival with numbers of knights and squires,' that the count happened to observe on the coldness of the weather and smallness of the fire. Ernauton, who had seen in the court below a number of asses laden with billets of wood, ran down, and seizing the largest of the animals, 'threw him over his shoulders, and carried him up stairs, pushing through the crowd of knights and squires who were around the chimney, and flung ass and load with the feet upwards on the dogs of the hearth, *to the great delight of the count*, and the astonishment of all.'

It must be owned that Froissart is sometimes so romantic as to be almost incredible. The feat of sir Robert Salle, for instance, is full as wonderful as Rodomont's famous battle at Paris. This good knight was governor of Norwich at the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection, and was mobbed by a most formidable body, the ringleaders of whom persuaded him to dismount in order to treat with them. No sooner had he done so, than he was attacked on all sides. He then let his horse go, and 'drawing a handsome Bourdeaux sword began to skirmish, and soon cleared the crowd from about him *that it was a pleasure to see.* With each stroke he gave he cut off heads, arms, feet, or legs.' In short, though there were 40,000 of them and he *unarmed* in the midst, he managed to kill twelve before he was overpowered.

If strength and valour were in so high esteem, the contrary defects were, at least, equally despised. The countess of Boulogne left her court and sought protection of the count de Foix against her enemies, because, said she, 'my husband is too soft a knight, whose sole delight is eating and drinking and enjoying his pleasures; and for these reasons I cannot live with him.' King Robert of Scotland does not get one good word from our historian because he had 'red-bleared eyes of the colour of sandal-wood, which clearly shewed he was no valiant man, but one who would rather remain at home than march to the field.'

We have already extended this article to an unusual length, and still feel unwilling to leave it. Perhaps some of the most interesting passages in the whole work are those which describe the battle of Otterbourne and the death of the gallant earl of Douglas: but our limits are too contracted to admit of further extracts. It is therefore necessary for us to defer till the appearance of the three remaining volumes*, any additional remarks we may have to make on the character of the historian, and on the merits of his translator. In the mean time, we cannot but congratulate the public on the prospect, which, we understand, is held out to us of a renewal of Mr Johnes's labours in the translation of Joinville's history, a work hardly less important and interesting than this of our good Canon of Chimay.

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* Since this article was written, three concluding volumes have been published, and will shortly be noticed by us.

ART. VI.—*Remarks, critical, conjectural, and explanatory, upon the Plays of Shakspeare; resulting from a Collation of the early Copies with that of Johnson and Steevens, edited by Isaac Reid, Esq. Together with some valuable Extracts from the MSS. of the late Right Honourable John Lord Chedworth. Dedicated to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. By E. H. Seymour, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.* Lackington. 1805.

A LIST of respectable subscribers, among whom we discover many eminent theatrical characters, is prefixed to this work, and affords a favourable argument for the present author's qualification to appear as a commentator upon Shakspeare. After the volumes of prolegomena, notes, and observations which have overlaid our immortal bard, till he cries out for vengeance against the cruel kindness of his nurses, the critics, we have a right to demand no common degree of acumen in the writer who recalls us to so hackneyed a subject, and above all, novelty which shall remove all possibility of our feeling the disgust which arises from useless repetition. How far the present commentator has answered these drafts upon his understanding, a concise review of his remarks upon some few of the plays (in the order in which the last editor printed Shakspeare) will give our readers an opportunity of judging.

The author begins by an assertion 'that excepting "A Midsummer Night's Dream" we shall not perhaps find a single play which is not evidently corrupted.' He further adds that a want of meaning in many passages, a disregard of syntax and of metrical accuracy, and indeed numerous corruptions of every kind, abound in the last edition of Shakspeare. This is a heavy charge upon the publishers, who charge the public so heavily for their professed emendations—for their one and twenty splendid octavo volumes. It is, however, a charge too generally known and too well substantiated to be denied.

'The most pernicious as well as copious source of disorder in these works,' proceeds our author, 'is what has poured into almost every page of them, a torrent of interpolation which, bearing on its face the form of antiquities, has been so mixed and blended with the rest, as to be at this day, not to the careless reader only, but to the most discerning critics, not very clearly distinguishable; and he who with the efficacy of just discrimination, and, in the confidence allied to great ability, should declare, 'Thus far our poet wrote, the rest is all imposture,' would claim and deserve a place 'Velut inter ignes luna minores,' supereminent indeed, above all his competitors, in the honour of illustrating Shakspeare: this however, were a project to the examination of which the present re-

marker professes himself incompetent: he will, therefore, confine his endeavours to that field of scrutiny which has bounded the ambition of men, much better qualified than he is, to extend its limits, assuming only as a datum, what no one will deny, *that interpolation does exist, and is frequent;* and resting thereon, conjointly with the excellence of the poetry, which indisputably is our author's, an argument that very few of the ungrammatical, unmetrical, or unmeaning sentences exhibited in these works, have issued from his pen. As to prosody, or the unskilfulness in that art, so commonly imputed to our author, no charge was ever more unsubstantial; for to say nothing of Venus and Adonis, the Rape of Lucrece and the Sonnets, all which are finished, with a kind of fastidious exactness, there are numberless verses and scenes in the plays, which prove he had an ear as correctly tuned as that of Pope, but far surpassing him in true and various melody, and equal, if not superior, even to Milton himself.'

We must detract a little from this excessive commendation of the melody of Shakspeare. In our review of Gifford's Massinger, (C. R. October, 1805.) we declared our opinion of the happiness of that poet in his versification; and we still think that, with the exception of some passages in Shakspeare of unrivalled sweetness, he is preeminent in the structure of his verse. Nor do we by any means agree with our author that the frequent redundancy of termination is a defect in dramatic poetry. The more varied the measure, if adroitly varied (and this we contend to be Massinger's excellence) the more pleasing surely is the effect of the entire harmony, and the more naturally adapted to the purposes of conversation, or even of impassioned eloquence. We are, however, aware that many readers prefer a stricter adherence to the heroic line of ten feet; and of such Shakspeare's verse will be the favourite, as it indisputably admits the hypercatalectic syllable in much fewer instances than are to be found in the dramas of Massinger, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher. These last-mentioned poets perhaps carry their licence too far, when they extend the line to thirteen or fourteen feet; although it will be found that, in dramatic composition, the author who writes rapidly, and does not count his syllables upon his fingers, like our modern metremongers, will often exceed the regular heroic measure.

For the liberty of conjectural restoration our author argues well in the following passage, which, if we except the highflown absurdity of metaphor in the first sentence, is as creditable to his talents as to his modesty.

'In the twilight obscurity of this vast region, where vagrant opinion will often be allured by vanity, that *ignis fatuus*, to tread

the perilous wilds of conjecture," I pull in resolution," it will, doubtless, be objected by some, that I am here transgressing the boundaries assigned to the critic: who, though licensed, by prescription, to commend or censure, can claim no privilege to alter. Unquestionably, where the text of an author has come attested to the world, as his own unadulterated performance, any attempts at emendation are unwarrantable, and I have always viewed with indignant astonishment, the desperate temerity of Bentley, as exercised on Milton but if we, for a moment, contemplate the different circumstances attending that great poet and our dramatist, we must perceive that no comparison, on this ground, can be made between them. During the life-time of Milton, two genuine editions of the Paradise Lost were published, and besides the change in the number and disposition of the books, in the second copy we see by a new title page, and a table of errata annexed, but two years afterwards, to the first, that the illustrious author had bestowed upon it the greatest attention, even to the most minute peculiarities of orthography. How foreign from this is the case of Shakspeare! Unmindful of every thing but his ease and profit; and wholly indifferent to the applause of posterity, he abandoned his works to the disposition of chance, and they came forth accordingly, altered, augmented, and depraved as suited, alternately, the caprice, the avarice, and the ignorance of players, managers, and publishers: upon a revisal, therefore, of compositions so abused, correction cannot fairly be deemed arrogance, nor alteration sacrilege; and if casual improvement be not imperiously dictated, but modestly suggested, not imposed as authentic, but submitted as convenient, not rashly usurping a station in the text, but humbly waiting for judgment in the margin, and implicitly abiding the sentence of the reader, whether for acceptance or rejection, the attempt will at least be pardonable.'

After this statement of our author's views and pretensions, our task of appreciating the merits of his performance and the fulfilment of his promises, will be the easier, and our readers will have an opportunity of exercising their own conjectures in the emendation of the passages which are taken notice of in the present remarks, and which we shall select as they appear most interesting.

The first note, however, which we shall transcribe is not our author's. The writer (Lord Chedworth) by his acuteness, taste, and information, seems to have been extremely well qualified for the illustration of Shakspeare.

'" ——————*Like one*
" *Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,*
" *Made such a sinner of his memory,*
" *To credit his own lie.*"

'Lie is certainly the correlative to which *it* refers. The use of the pronoun before the noun to which it relates, though a sort of

υστερον πρότερον, and improper, is not very uncommon in conversation; the following is an instance of it in Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, B. 264. "The bodies which we daily handle make us perceive that whilst they remain between *them*, they do, by an insurmountable force, hinder the approach of the parts of our hands that press them." The thought is something like the *fingebant simul credebantque* of Tacitus. An. 5. 10.

'LORD CHEDWORTH.'

Our commentator judiciously observes that the squeamishness of the editors of Shakspeare, who are afraid to alter the text where it is disfigured by gross and obvious anomalies in grammar, is misplaced and ridiculous. The following is a good instance of this veneration for the erroneous transcript of some old actor or prompter. It is selected, as well as the last extract, from the remarks upon the Tempest.

'" ——————*I leave them, whilst I visit*
" *Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd.)*"

'Strange, that any editor should overlook so barbarous a breach of grammar as this; and yet it has polluted the text in all the successive editions of Mr. Steevens and the rest. *Whom*, a nominative case!—*whom is!* for while the verb *is* remains, this must be the construction. Whom they suppose *to be* drown'd, would indeed be concord; but the expression is elliptical: who (as) they suppose is drowned; i. e. who is drowned (as they suppose.)'

The following observation, also from the Tempest, will illustrate a common practice of the dramatists of Shakspeare's age, namely, that of resolving two sequent vowels in pronunciation—and thereby distinctly sounding each, instead of sinking both in one sound according, to our present custom,

'" *This is strange: your father's in some passion.*"

'Mr. Steevens remarks that this line is defective, and introduces the word *most*, to make it complete; but it is less defective than redundant.

'" 'Tis strange; your father's in some passion."

'Passion is here, as in various other places, a trisyllable.'

We now proceed to the Merry Wives of Windsor; in the first scene of which, upon the words—'My book of songs and sonnets'—Lord Chedworth has the following note:

'Mr. Malone's gratuitous supposition that Lord Surrey's poems are here meant, reminds me of an old story in a jest book: a student of Oxford shewing the museum to some company, one of them enquired the history of an old rusty sword which was there. This,

says the student, is the sword with which Balaam was just going to kill his ass. I never knew, said the stranger, that Balaam had any sword, but that he wished for one. You are right, replied the Oxonian, and this is the very sword he wished for.

'LORD CHEDWORTH.'

This is far from being the only instance where the noble critic enlivens the dullness of a verbal comment by anecdote and quotation. We wish there had been more of his remarks in the work before us. He appears to have been an excellent scholar; a man of sound judgment, notwithstanding what has been attempted to be shown to the contrary; and of a peculiar felicity of ridicule in exposing the absurdity of tasteless and plodding commentators.—With regard to Mr. or Mrs. Seymour (for we know not the sex of our author) we think him or her not at all upon a par with LordChedworth in the remarks upon Shakspeare. Those of the former are indeed dictated by a right principle of collation and comparison—of collating various copies of the poet, and of comparing him with himself---they frequently laugh at the unnecessary display of learning, and the second sight of criticism—but they are also frequently themselves frivolous, full of repetition, and upon the whole have disappointed us.—To endeavour at any new observation upon the character of Shakspeare's genius would be vain and hopeless. We shall only attempt to describe briefly what has been often described at length; we shall illustrate by a few examples, the extraordinary invention, and other peculiarities of mind, which have conferred immortality upon our glorious poet.

Caliban is his most original creation. The strong picture of this savage being, and the mysterious sort of impressionwhich his languagemakes upon our imagination, are not only unequalled by any other author, but such an attempt was never before made, and if it had been made, would probably have been unsuccessful. Is it in the Œdipus of Sophocles, or the Prometheus of Æschylus that we are to look for such wild conceptions, such airy forms embodied forth and invested with so strange a semblance of reality by the wonderful genius of the poet? Is it in the Alcestis of Euripides that we are to be softened with nature or with tenderness like that of Miranda, of Juliet, and of Imogen? Or are we to oppose the madness of Orestes to that of Lear? Where are we to admire in the Greek drama that wild mixture of assumed and real derangement, which gives so indescribable an interest to the character of Hamlet? But we need not propose more unanswerable questions,

Othello, Macbeth, and a numerous *corps de reserve*, remain behind to establish the vast superiority of the modern stage over that of the ancients. WithOtway, Rowe, Southerne, &c. we do not even interfere, though of themselves perhaps they may be considered able to surpass the tame sententious morality of a chorus, the tedious *exposè* of a messenger, the regular alternation of question and answer iambics, or even the more impassioned declamation of the Greek tragedy.

We may be accused of routing conquered foes, and slaying thrice the slain; and if the world, when once convinced of an error, would never relapse into it, the accusation might be just. But in every age there are new followers of a Burton or a Franklin, whose faith is Aristotle, form, and regularity, and who have neither understandings to comprehend nor hearts to feel Johnson's noble defence of Shakspeare and of nature. The history of the human mind is little varied in any age; and with all the recommendation of subjects relating to their native country, and to the actions of their ancestors, with all the occasional interest which a belief in the mythology of their dramas must have excited in the Greeks; yet if we take into consideration the little variety of plot, the want of incident, and, excepting in scenes of madness, of animation and of passion; observing, besides, that the mask prevented any expression in the countenance, and that the vast size of the theatre rendered musical intonation necessary to the voice's being heard; if we recollect the buskin, which, while it raised the human form above its natural proportion, must have impeded the life, ease, and activity of its motions, and precluded the possibility of a Grecian Garrick; if we take into consideration all these circumstances, who can hesitate to believe that a Greek play never had the effect even upon a Grecian audience, that the domestic scenes of the Gamester, unassisted by the charms of verse, and speaking only the plain language of distress, never fail to produce upon the motley crowds that compose the audience of an English theatre? Why should not Mason's Caractacus have succeeded better, national as the subject is, the sentiments noble, and the diction highly beautiful, if there were not something in the very constitution and essence of a classical drama, that acts like a torpedo upon the soul?

To vary our attack upon the prejudices of scholars, let us say a few words of the Grecian comedy. From what little is saved of Menander, the loss of his dramas appears to demand more regret than that of almost any other ancient composition. And yet, retailed, and probably retailed with ac-

curacy, as his plays are by Terence, we discover in them few traces of happy plot, still fewer of bustle and life in the incidents, and hardly any of that brisk chase of wit in conversation, that lively repartee, and laughing humour, which delight us in Shakspeare. The chief merit of Menander appears to have been the true delineation of character. This, and his elegance of stile, as far as the Latin language can rival the Greek, is transfused into the plays of Terence. One circumstance strikes us as very singular, that Menander, who according to Ovid, and other testimonies, was the poet of love and pleasure, and the favourite study of the young, should, by all the fragments which remain of him, appear to be a gloomy moralizer upon the shortness of life, and far, very far from the teacher of Epicurean indulgence. This has been, with probability of reason, accounted for by the very ingenious author of Translations from the Greek Anthology, upon the ground of those fragments, which we possess of Menander, having been chiefly preserved by writers of a serious and religious character. With regard to Aristophanes, had it not been for the licentiousness with which he exposed living persons in his dramas, and from their gross indecency, which must have suited the taste of his audience, there hardly appears any thing in his writings, with the exception of the Plutus, worthy of the respect which they have so strangely commanded. In vain do we look for Falstaffs, or even for Major Sturgeons; and the brilliancy of Farquhar is still more out of the question than the whimsicality of Foote. But to return to Shakspeare and his commentator.

We had proceeded patiently through our task of reviewing E. H. Seymour, till we arrived at a passage, where mention is made of Dr. Johnson's mind 'not having been originally robust,' 'of the retrospect of a mispent life' which clouded his last hours, &c. &c., and we then shut the volume in disgust. The remainder of the work contains many remarks worthy of attention, but many equally injudicious with the foregoing; and though we think that those who have twenty-one volumes of Shakspeare may as well have twenty-three, to others we would not recommend the purchase of this performance.

ART. VII.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for* 1806. *Part I.* 4*to.* 10*s.* 6*d.* Nicol. 1806.

OF the nine papers, of which this first part of the Trans-

actions of the Royal Society for the present year consists, four are mathematical; and to these we shall first attend.

II. *The Bakerian Lecture on the Force of Percussion. By William Hyde Wollaston.*—The forces of bodies in motion, according to Leibnitz, Bernouilli, &c. are to be estimated by the products of the masses of the bodies, and of the squares of the velocities with which they move. The Newtonians, on the contrary, contend that the *forces* of bodies ought to be estimated from the product of the masses and of the velocities.

To establish the truth of these different measures many reasonings have been gone through, and many experiments made. Each party has appealed to the same experiments, but of such experiments given different interpretations.

It scarcely needs be remarked that there is nothing in the term force that can point out its import: the term must then be defined: and had the original agitators of the controversy, for a considerable controversy arose on the measure of force, precisely defined the term they were disputing about, the question would have been very soon reduced within very narrow limits of determination. But, although different definitions may be given of the term force, and by consequence, different measures deduced of force, yet there is perhaps one definition and measure more natural and proper than another: and it is one object of the paper before us to ascertain such measure: a second object is, to shew that the explanation given by Newton of the third law of motion is in no wise favourable to those, who in this question have for distinction been called Newtonians.

Dr. W. neatly and clearly states the different inferences made by the Leibnitzians and Newtonians from the same experiment.

'Let a ball of clay or of any other soft and wholly inelastic substance be suspended at rest, but free to move in any direction with the slightest impulse; and let there be two pegs similar and equal in every respect inserted slightly into its opposite sides. Let there be also two other bodies, A and B, of any magnitude, which are to each other in the proportion of two to one, suspended in such a position, that when perfectly at rest, they shall be in contact with the extremities of the opposite pegs, without pressing against them. Now if these bodies were made to swing with motions so adapted that in falling from heights in the proportion of one to four, they might strike at the same instant against the pegs opposite to them, the ball of clay would not be moved from its place to either side; nevertheless, the peg impelled by the smaller body B, which has double the velocity, would be found to have penetrated twice as far as the peg impelled by A,

'It is unnecessary to make the experiment precisely as here stated, since the results are admitted as facts by both parties, but upon there facts they reason differently.

'One side, observing that the ball of clay remains unmoved, considers the proof indisputable, that the action of the body A is equal to that of B, and that their forces are properly measured by their momenta, which are equal, because their velocities are in the simple inverse ratio of the bodies. Their opponents think it equally proved by the unequal depths to which the pegs have penetrated, that the causes of these effects are unequal, as they find to be the case in their estimation of the forces by the squares of the velocities.

'One party is satisfied that equal *momenta* can resist equal pressures during the same time; the other party attend to the *spaces* through which the same moving force is exerted, and finding them in the proportion of two to one, are convinced that the *vis viva* of a body in motion is justly estimated by its magnitude and the square of its velocity jointly.

'The former conception of a quantity dependent on the continuance of a given *vis motrix* for a certain time may have its use, when correctly applied, in certain philosophical considerations; but the latter idea of a quantity resulting from the same force, exerted through a determinate *space*, is of greater practical utility, as it occurs daily in the usual occupations of men, since any quantity of work performed is always appreciated by the extent of effect resulting from their exertions: for it is well known that the raising any great weight 40 feet, would require four times as much labour as would be requisite to raise an equal weight to the height of 10 feet, and that in its slow descent the former would produce four times the effect of the latter in continuing the motion of any kind of machine. Moreover, if the weights so raised were suffered to fall freely through the heights that have been ascended by means of four and of one minutes' labour, the velocities acquired would be in the ratio of 2 to 1, and the squares of the velocities in proportion to the quantities of labour from which they originated, or as 4 to 1; and if the forces acquired by their descent were employed in driving piles, their more sudden effects produced would be found to be in that same ratio.

'This species of force has been, first by BERNOUILLI and afterwards by SMEATON, very aptly denominated mechanic force; and when by force of percussion is meant the quantity of mechanic force possessed by a body in motion, to be estimated by its quantity of mechanic effect, I apprehend it cannot be controverted that it is in proportion to the magnitude of the body, and to the square of its velocity jointly.'

Dr. W. then proceeds to shew that Newton never defines nor purposes to define what may properly be called mechanic force. It is this force, mechanic force, that it is most useful to consider in machinery, and in questions that relate to the economy of labour. This force varies as the square

of the velocity. With reference to this subject, the celebrated Smeaton published some valuable experiments in the Philosophical Transactions.

'But there is one view, in which the comparative forces of impart of different bodies was not examined by SMEATON, and it may be worth while to shew that when the whole energy of a body A is employed without loss in giving velocity to a second body B, the impetus which B receives is in all cases equal to that of A, and the force transferred to B, or by it to any third body C, (if also communicated without loss, and duly estimated as a mechanic force), is always equal to that from which it originated.

'As the simplest case of entire transfer, the body A. may be supposed to act upon B in a direct line through the medium of a light spring, so contrived that the spring is prevented by a ratchet from returning in the direction towards A, but expands again entirely in the direction towards B, and by that means exerts the whole force which had been wound up by the action of A, in giving motion to B alone. In this case, since the moving force of the spring is the same upon each of the bodies, the accelerating force acting upon B at each point is to the retarding force opposed to A at the corresponding points in the reciprocal ratio of the bodies, and the squares of the velocities produced and destroyed by its action through a given space will consequently be in that same ratio. The momentum, which is in the simple reciprocal ratio of the bodies, might consequently be encreased at pleasure by the means proposed, in the subduplicate ratio of the bodies employed; and if momentum were an efficient force capable of reproducing itself, and of overcoming friction in proportion to its estimated magnitude, the additional force acquired by such a means of increase might be employed for counteracting the usual resistances, and perpetual motion would be easily effected. But since the *impetus* remains unaltered, it is evident that the utmost which the body B could effect in return, would be the reproduction of A's velocity, and restitution of its entire mechanic force neither increased nor diminished, excepting by the necessary imperfection of machinery. The possibility of perpetual motion is consequently inconsistent with those principles which measure the quantity of force by the quantity of its extended effect, or by the square of the velocity which it can produce.'

This paper is a short one, but it is ably drawn up, and deserves the consideration of our English mathematicians, who, in general, suppose Leibnitz and Bernoulli to have erred in their estimation of forces.

III. *M. Buée on imaginary Quantities. June* 29, 1805. —It is well known to mathematicians that the doctrine of impossible quantities is attended with considerable difficulties: How can we, keeping inviolate the logical conduct of our investigations, employ symbols that admit of no

specification, which cannot be evolved nor numerically expounded? The difficulty of making an intelligible, precise, and satisfactory answer to these questions is not inconsiderable: and some writers have, in a manner, cut asunder the knot which they could not unloose: they have declared all employment of impossible quantities to be unsafe and nugatory, and all operations conducted by their aid, absolutely, and without reservation, unintelligible; while those who have ventured to call in the aid of such quantities, or symbols, have been anathematised as having forfeited all claim to clearness of conception and to logical accuracy.

There is scarcely any subject fit for mathematical investigation, that may not be investigated without the aid of impossible quantities: but many subjects are most commodiously investigated by their aid. Such aid then is desirable, and, if we can legitimately, we ought to avail ourselves of it. It is not in our present purpose, nor is it called for by the occasion, to institute a discussion on this subject. Yet we are convinced of, or at least we believe in, the legitimacy of the conclusions obtained by the aid of imaginary quantities. In the present memoir we find M. Bueé on the same side and of the same opinion, whom, nevertheless, we cannot regard as an ally or auxiliary: he does not indeed shew that they can be legitimately employed, but rather invests them with certain wonderful and mysterious properties: we are content if they could be shewn to perform the ordinary functions of common symbols; but he gives to them a superior and more powerful agency: they are the means of unfolding truths concealed from the eyes of all preceding geometricians. After some preliminary observations on the signs $+$ $-$, M. Bueé proceeds to the explanation of the sign $\sqrt{-1}$. 'I entitle this article,' says he, 'on the sign $\sqrt{-1}$, and not on the quantity of the imaginary unity $\sqrt{-1}$; since $\sqrt{-1}$ is a particular sign joined to a real unity 1, and not a particular quantity. It is a new adjective joined to the ordinary substantive 1, and not a new substantive.' This is rather fanciful and unsatisfactory, but plain, in comparison of what follows.

'$\sqrt{-1}$ signifies neither addition nor substraction;' what then does it signify? M. Bueé answers the question, and says 'it means *perpendicularity*, of which the characteristical property is, that all the points of the perpendicular are equally distant from points placed at equal distances, on each side of its foot. The sign $\sqrt{-1}$ *expresses all this, and it is the only thing which it expresses.*'

In order to prove that $\sqrt{-1}$ signifies this perpendicularity, M. Bueé takes a point in a straight line, and sets off a line $= 1$ to the left, and another line to the right $= -1$, then the perpendicular of equal length $= \sqrt{1.-1} = \sqrt{-1}$.

Is it not obvious that this is a business of assumption, and that the conclusion is built on certain assumed premises? Why is the line taken to the right, -1? It can only by assumption be -1: for if we draw the ordinate to a circle, such ordinate equals the square root of the rectangle under the abscissas, and if the principle of M. Bueé were a natural one, or flowed from previous conventions made in ordinary calculation, one of the above mentioned abscissas ought to be positive, and the other negative. But if the assumption be a mere assumption, why is it not equally lawful to draw a line from a point in a right line, and inclined to the right line at an angle z, and to make it equal $\sqrt{-1 \times 1}$? In such assumption the sign $\sqrt{-1}$ would denote not perpendicularity, but a certain inclination of one line to another.

What we mean to shew, is, that this meaning of the $\sqrt{-1}$ is by no means natural, that is, a consequence from the common principles of calculation; but that it depends on a gratuitous assumption, and that the sign $\sqrt{-1}$ only signifies *perpendicularity* in consequence of such assumption.

'The sign $\sqrt{-1}$ expresses all this, and it is this only that it expresses,' says M. Bueé. In questions then, in which there is no reference to lines and perpendiculars, but in which $\sqrt{-1}$ enters, what can such sign mean? M. Bueé must make it mean *perpendicularity*, or his assertion is nothing worth. It can only be made to mean perpendicularity by some translation of the conditions, &c. of the problem into geometrical language; but on what principle shall such translation rest? On abstract grounds therefore, there are insuperable objections to M. Bueé's principle of explanation.

But the detailed and particular explanations themselves afford no satisfaction. 'It is necessary,' says the author, 'to distinguish perpendicularity indicated by this sign from those which the signs sin. and cos. indicate.' These latter signs cannot indicate perpendicularity the one without the other, nor except that the one and the other are attached to the same quantity. Thus sin. a & cos. a, indicate properly the perpendicularity of one to the other: but sin. a and cos. b do not indicate it. $a\sqrt{-1}$, on the contrary, indicates

relatively to *a*, a situation perpendicular to these of + *a* and of — *a*.' Gentle reader, dost thou understand? the morose critic acknowledges the darkness of his intellect.

We have already noticed that in certain questions entirely remote from the province of geometry, the sign $\sqrt{-1}$ must occur, and that, consequently, in such questions, M. Bueé's principle of perpendicularity could only be applied by virtue of some subsidiary illustration. On this head he thus expresses himself:

'Although *perpendicularity* is properly the only quantity indicated by the sign $\sqrt{-1}$, we may make it signify figuratively, a quality totally different, so that we may reason on this quality as we would reason on the perpendicular itself. For example, if + *s* represents a sum possessed, and — *s* the same sum due, I say that $s\sqrt{-1}$ may represent the same sum neither *possessed nor due*, since we may reason on this latter sum relatively to the others, as on the line AD, relatively to the lines AB, AC.'

'In fact, in the same manner as any point of the line AD is equally distant from points of the line CD, which are at the same distance from A, so, any part whatever of the sum which is neither *possessed nor due*, is in an equal situation relatively to the equal parts of the sum possessed and of the sum due. *Active* possession being then expressed by +, and the *debt or passive possession* by —, the *negation*, not of the sum, but of its possession, whether *active* or *passive*, may always be expressed by $\sqrt{-1}$'—!!!

Upon this, by way of parallel and illustration, we remark, that these are processes of reasoning by which we clearly apprehend certain truths; to such processes we may prefix the sign +; again, there are other processes, the fallacy of which we are enabled clearly to ascertain, and which are manifestly false: such may and have the sign — prefixed to them: thirdly, there is M. Bueé's process which comes not under the conditions of the preceding cases; it does not lead to truth; it does not involve a manifest error, such as, 2—1=4; it is a process of which we can make nothing, and therefore may be properly characterized by the sign $\sqrt{-1}$.

In a problem that follows, the author puzzles us in no small degree, by speaking of a certain number of livres that are either property or a debt, or a *sum* neither *possessed nor due*.

But under the spells of M. Bueé, it is not that lines and livres are alone endowed with miraculous powers; certain portions of time have very curious properties. Very few

persons would suspect $\frac{-t\sqrt{-1}}{2}+\frac{t\sqrt{-1}}{2}$ to be the expression for the present entire month: yet such, according to our author, is the case; and after unfolding the meaning of the above expression, that our wonder may not cool, he tells us in the next line that *o*, the true *expression for the present*, has two significations.

But that we may not be guilty of unfairly garbling the meaning of the author, we subjoin part of his explanation of this sign $\frac{t\sqrt{-1}-t\sqrt{-1}}{2}$.

'There will be discovered perhaps a species of paralogism in the equation $\frac{-t\sqrt{-1}}{2}+\frac{t\sqrt{-1}}{2}=o$, by which I make the space of a month equal to zero. But we must observe, first, that this equation resembles the phrase of a man, who after wandering, finds himself at the point from which he wished to depart, and says, "I am not more advanced, after travelling so far, than I should have been if I had remained quiet;" for *time* is for the mind what *space* is for the body: 2dly, We must observe that $\frac{-t\sqrt{-1}}{2}+\frac{t\sqrt{-1}}{2}$ is one sign only, as well as *o*: The *things* are not what I equal, but the signs that present these things under a particular point of view. I make them equal, since in the actual example, I am able to reason on the thing which the double sign $+\sqrt{-1}-\sqrt{-1}$, as on that which the sign *o* presents, and since the one and the other of these signs conduct me to the same consequences. This equation is not real. It is only artificial, as every other is in algebra. It purposes to say, "a month of which we make abstraction is (relatively to consequences) equal to a month which does not exist. In $\left(\frac{-t\sqrt{-1}+t\sqrt{-1}}{2}\right)$ it is the quality of the past or of the future, which is equal to zero. In *o*, it is the quantity of the past and of the future, which is so.'

This quantity $\frac{t\sqrt{-1}-t\sqrt{-1}}{2}$ is made to mean and to say a great deal. It is as pregnant with meaning as the *Bel men*, in the Bourgeois Gentilhomme. *Bel men*, says the fictitious Turk. Covielle thus interprets it to M. Jourdain: 'Il dit que vous alliez vite avec lui vous preparer pour la ceremonie, afin de voir ensuite votre fille, et de conclure

le mariage'. M. Jourdain replies, 'Tant de choses en deux mots'!! 'Tant de choses en deux *signes*!' will many a plain and sober-minded mathematician exclaim.

Very few of our readers, we presume, are acquainted with the verbal refinements, and metaphysical subtleties of the old schoolmen: yet of such they may form a tolerably good notion from several passages in this memoir. For instance,

'Then $+q$ signifies that the quantity q has the quality of being additive; $-q$, that it is substractive; $q\sqrt{-1}$ that it is neither additive nor substractive: that consequently $q\sqrt{-1}$ is foreign to the equation containing $+q$ or $-q$.

'It is necessary to remark here, that to be foreign (stranger) does not signify to be nothing, but to be *regarded as nothing*. In the present example to *be foreign* signifies, neither additive nor substractive: to *be nothing* signifies, additive and substractive at the same time.'

Again:

'Thus the equation $\overline{\mathrm{BD}}^{2} = o$, may be translated by this proposition: the figure $\overline{\mathrm{BD}}^{2}$ is equal to the difference of two abstract unities. This proposition does not involve a contradiction, but it presents no sense: the ideas which it connects are not *opposed*, but *disparate*.'

Perhaps by this time our readers are satisfied with these imaginary reasonings. It is scarcely necessary for us to say, that the whole memoir is whimsically absurd, and elaborately erroneous. Into the volumes of our Transactions, it has found its way; but the committee of the Royal Society are not censurable for its insertion, for they annually declare, that they are not answerable for the propriety of any reasonings contained in the papers inserted in their volumes.

VII. *The Application of a Method of Differences to the Species of Sines whose Sums are obtained by Mr. Landen, by the Help of impossible Quantities. By Mr. Benjamin Gompertz. Communicated by the Rev. N. Maskelyne.*

If we have a series of terms, as

$a \sin. pz + b \sin. (p+q)z + c \sin. (p+2q)z + \&c.$

then the nth term of such series is,

$$\left\{a+(n-1)d' + \frac{n-1.\ n-2}{2}d'' + \&c.\right\} \sin. pz + \overline{n-1}.\ qz)$$

and we shall have the sum of the above series, by collecting

together the values of the several parts of the expression of the nth term, substituting successively for n, the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c.

The calculation, however, is not without its difficulty; and on this subject much has been written by Bossut, Academy of Sciences, by Euler, Bernoulli, Lexell in the 17th and 18th volumes of the Novi Commentarii. These authors however have directed their attention chiefly to the summation of series, as

cos. nz + cos. $(n+1)z$ + &c.

sin. nz + sin. $(n+p)z$ + sin. $(n+2p)z$ + &c.

and have slightly only touched on the sum of series arranged by the cosines and sines of arcs in arithmetical progression, the co-efficients of the terms being quantities,—the nth differences of which quantities are equal. Mr. Gompertz goes farther than these mathematicians, and exhibits a method for summary series,

$a + b.\ \cos. z + c.\ \cos. 2z$ + &c.

$a \sin. z + b. \sin. 2z + c. \sin. 3z$ + &c.

IX. *On the Quantity and Velocity of the Solar Motion. By William Herschell.*—This is a continuation of the learned astronomer's investigations on a subject of great difficulty, and, we may add, of great uncertainty. The aim of Dr. H.'s reasonings and inferences, is to point out a certain part in the heavens towards which the sun is moving, and the velocity with which it is moving. In the present paper he has constructed several tables and diagrams for the illustration and confirmation of his opinions.

The simplicity of his hypothesis is certainly a great argument in its favour: it is undoubtedly more simple and more concordant with the laws of the ordinary phenomena of nature, to suppose the solar system in motion, and the motion of the stars to be parallactic, than to suppose proper motions to the stars directed towards no certain point and regulated by no certain law. But then, in support of this hypothesis, Dr. H. uses several assumptions: he assumes the distances of the fixed stars proportional to their lustre: the fact may be so, but at present it is a mere hypothesis, and which advances no very strong claim for admission from its probability. It does not suit our phlegm. If the solar system be in motion towards certain parts in the heavens, the cause of such motion will form a curious object of enquiry. Dr. H. thinks that the solar system may be attracted towards large globular collections of stars that have been discovered to him by his great telescope. But mere attraction, or motion in consequence of such attraction, will not be sufficient, and he thinks that a projectile and orbitual motion must be called in, for the purpose of ex-

plaining the phenomena that present themselves. Upon this point some of his observations will be interesting to our readers.

'The second way of the construction of a very powerful centre, may be joint attraction of a great number of stars united into one condensed group.

'The actual existence of such groups of stars has already been proved by observations made with my large instruments, many of those objects, which were looked upon as nebulous patches, having been completely resolved into stars by my 40 and 20 feet telescopes. For instance, the nebula discovered by Dr. Halley in the year 1741, in which the discoverer, and other observers after him, have seen no star, I have ascertained to be a globular cluster, containing, by a rough calculation, probably not less than fourteen thousand stars, From the known laws of gravitation, we are assured that this cluster must have a very powerful attractive centre of gravity, which may be able to keep many far distant celestial bodies in control.

'But the composition of an attractive centre is not limited to one such cluster. An union of many of them will form a still more powerful centre of gravitation, whose influence may extend to a whole region of scattered stars. To prove that I argue entirely from observations, I shall mention that another nebula discovered by Mr. Messier in the year 1781, is by the same instruments also proved to consist of stars; and though they are seemingly compressed into a much smaller space and have also the appearance of smaller stars, we may fairly presume that these circumstances are only indications of a greater distance, and that being a globular cluster, perfectly resembling the former, the distance being allowed for, it is probably not less rich in the number of its component stars. The distance of these two clusters from each other is less than 12 degrees, and we are certain that somewhere in the line joining these two groups, there must be a centre of gravitation far superior in energy to the single power of attraction that can be lodged in either of the clusters.

'I have selected these two remarkable objects, merely for their situation, which is very near the line of the direction of the solar motion; but were it necessary to bring further proof of the existence of combined attractions, the numerous objects of which I have given catalogues* would amply furnish me with arguments.

'If a still more powerful but more diffused exertion of attraction should be required than what may be found in the union of clusters, we have hundreds of thousands of stars, not to say millions, contained in very compressed parts of the milky way, some of which have already been pointed out in a former paper.† Many of these immense regions may well occasion the sidereal motions we

* Phil. Trans. for 1786, p. 457; for 1789, p. 212; for 1802, p. 477.
† Phil. Trans. for 1802, p. 495.

are required to account for; and a similarity in the direction of these motions will want no illustration.

'With regard to the situation of the condensed parts of the milky way and of the two clusters that have been mentioned, we must remark that the seat of attraction may be in any part of the heavens whatsoever; for where projectile motions are given to bodies that are retained by an attractive centre, they may have any direction, even that at right angles to its situation not excepted.

'It will give additional force to the arguments I have used for the admission of far distant centres of attraction, as well as projectile motions in the stars that are connected with them; when we take notice that independent of the solar motion, and setting that entirely aside, the action of these causes will be equally required to explain the acknowledged proper motions of the stars. For if the sun be at rest, then Arcturus must actually change its place more than 2″ a year, and consequently this and many other stars, which are well known to change their situations, must be supposed to have projectile motions, and to be subject to the attraction of far distant centres.'

I. *The Croonian Lecture on the Arrangement and mechanical Action of the Muscles of Fishes. By Anthony Carlisle, Esq. F.R.S. F.L.S.*—Mr. Carlisle continues to pursue his researches into comparative anatomy, a subject of immense extent and great utility. The muscles of fishes have not, in the opinion of the author of this paper, been examined with all the attention which they deserved. He has therefore directed his exertions to elucidate what points may yet have remained doubtful, though, as we are informed in a sort of apologistic introduction, the suddenness of the call for this communication, which the public know is one not altogether of a voluntary nature, has compelled Mr. Carlisle to defer his researches into the phenomena of muscular motions by a series of chemical experiments, and to limit even the investigation of the subject he has chosen.

It is impossible to disapprove of any attempt to extend the bounds of human knowledge by experimental inquiry. The parts observed may not be at first sight striking; they may be deficient in beauty, and destitute of apparent utility; but they are notwithstanding valuable. They may long remain unregarded in the storehouse of science, and at last be drawn forth to build up some corner of a theory, or to dispel the obscurity of some intricate questions. We therefore commend Mr. Carlisle's diligence and skill in dissecting the members of a monstrous cod, which appears unexpectedly to have passed from the shop of the fishmonger to the table of the anatomist, instead of the smoaking board of an alderman. We should contribute little either to the instruction or pleasure of our readers were we to follow this

gentleman through the origin and insertion of many uninteresting muscles, the names of which are strange even to the scientific ear.

Mr. Carlisle has been at pains to ascertain the use of the different fins of fishes. His method of discovering this point is more convincing than humane, and consisted in successively cutting off from various living fish the fins of the belly, the back, the tail, and the sides. The cruelty of experiments on living animals is hardly compensated by their utility, and at least we are happy that Mr. Carlisle has rendered it unnecessary to mutilate any more of these inhabitants of the water for the purpose of learning the action of their fins in swimming. We love the end better than the means of such scientific inquiries. This paper is accompanied with a plate of a cod dissected, so as to shew its different parts with sufficient distinctness.

IV. *Chemical Experiments on Guaiacum. By Mr. William Brande. Communicated by Charles Hatchett, Esq. F.R.S.*— Guaiacum was recommended some time ago, we do not exactly recollect by whom, as a fit subject of a chemical investigation. Mr. Brande has accepted the challenge, and has here presented to the public the result of his labours. We are not very sure, however, that the chemical world will receive any great edification from this essay. It does not appear to us that the nature of guaiacum is much better understood than it was before the publication of these researches, though certainly a few parts are more distinctly stated, and are founded upon more precise experiments than they were formerly.

After describing with great minuteness the more obvious properties of this body, Mr. Brande proceeds to submit it to the action of various re-agents. He heats it, he powders it, he boils it in water and in alcohol, and tortures it with various acids to compel it to disclose its hidden nature, and from the whole it is concluded that guaiacum is very different from the resins, and from all other bodies, though a sort of admission is made at the end that perhaps this opinion is not sufficiently supported by facts. But though guaiacum is generally ranked among resins, no chemist ever supposed it to be a pure resin: the presence of lime, which seems to surprize Mr. Brande, is so far from being unusual, that there is hardly a vegetable body without it, and as to the production of oxalic acid, it is equally true, that multitudes of the parts of animals and vegetables afford that substance when treated in the same way with nitric acid. Mr. Brande has observed the existence of extractive matter in guaiacum, and has remarked the effects of oxymuriatic acid gas in

changing the colour to green and blue, which he attributes to different degrees of oxydation. We have great doubts, however, upon all points where oxydation is proved merely by the addition of some substance containing oxygen. It is obvious that many of these substances may, and often do alter the constitution of the bodies to which they are applied, and force their elementary parts to arrange themselves in a new order, a change which is sufficient to account for great alterations in all sensible properties without any other supposition.

V. *On the Direction of the Radicle and Germen, during the Vegetation of Seeds. By Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. F.R.S. In a Letter to the Right Hon Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K.B. P.R.S.*—This enquiry of Mr. Knight's is directed to a subject which has not been much agitated for a considerable time. It has been observed that in whatever position a seed be placed to germinate, and even if it be frequently turned, the radicle continually makes an effort to descend towards the centre of the earth, and the germen takes precisely an opposite direction. These contrary effects have been by some supposed to arise from the influence of gravitation, and Mr. Knight informs us that it is not difficult to conceive that the same agent, by operating on bodies so differently organized as the radicle and germen are, may occasion the one to descend and the other to ascend. Our imagination in this instance however is unable to follow the rapidity of Mr. Knight's conceptions, and we feel an extreme difficulty in understanding how the power of gravitation should cause the germen to ascend, unless it can be demonstrated that a germen cut off is of such specific gravity as to rise in the air. For if it should by any misfortune sink through that medium, we do not see how gravitation could have any effect but that of drawing it downwards.

This hypothesis, it appears, has not been much strengthened by facts, and Mr. Knight has made some ingenious attempts to afford a few experimental arguments to the adherents of gravity. He conceived that gravity could only produce this effect by its influence on the fibres and vessels during their formation, or on the distribution of the sap, though how gravitation, which draws every thing downwards, can tend to an upward position of fibres, is hard to see, and if we should allow some kind of sap to be heavier than another, it remains to be shewn, and is the real difficulty, why even the lightest kind should induce a tendency to ascension in the germen. On these ideas, however, Mr. Knight resolved to annihilate the power of gravity on the seeds, and by placing them in all positions on a vertical wheel, which turned 150 times in a

minute, to shew the effect of the centrifugal force on germination. In this situation the seeds grew, the obedient radicles shot outwards, and the germens met in the centre. But as, for a short period, the seeds had occupied the same position as they would have done in the earth, and as the gravitation and centrifugal force thus acted together, Mr. Knight, anticipating some slight objections, placed other seeds of the same sort on a horizontal wheel, and these germinated so as to appear to be governed partly by the attraction of gravity, and partly by the centrifugal force: the radicles pointed downwards about ten degrees below, and the germens as many degrees above the horizon.

Now all this appears to us very explicable. It is admitted on all hands that radicles tend downwards, and germens upwards, and this disposition may be supposed to depend on the structure and irritability of the plant, and is no more extraordinary than that leaves should turn always one side uppermost even in the dark. That it is not mere gravitation which influences the descent of roots and the ascent of stems, seems clear from the possibility of converting the roots and stems of some plants mutually into each other, or that the branches become roots, and the roots branches. The same vessels of cuttings of trees too, every part of which on the parent plant gravity sent upwards, when placed in the earth, are partly drawn down by the same cause. But if we grant this disposition of radicles to seek the earth, and apply it to Mr. Knight's experiments, what will be the consequence? We know that the force with which plants direct their roots is limited: if a stone obstructs their way they go round it; if a constant effort be made by any means to divert them from their course, it will be successful in proportion to its strength and duration. In Mr. Knight's present experiments then, on these principles the roots should all have descended, and the germens ascended, which they really did. For their natural disposition drew them down and up, and the centrifugal force was so equally distributed that it favoured the natural tendency as much as any other, and that therefore prevailed. It cannot be doubted that the centrifugal force acted exactly like a gentle pull upon the nascent parts, not favouring one direction more than another. In the second experiment the radicles and germens shewed precisely the same disposition: the one sought the earth, the other the air, and both were prevented partially from attaining their desires, if we may say so, by being pulled in another direction. We have long known, and nobody doubts, that the roots of plants seek the soil, but may be diverted from their course by mechanical means, and we con-

ceive that Mr. Knight has just left the question where he found it, and has not proved that gravity is the cause of descent of radicles, and much less of the ascent of germens. The very influence of the water which drove the wheels was sufficient to account for the tendency of the roots of the plant to approach its source, which was below.

We would recommend to Mr. Knight, whose ingenuity and industry we admire, not to forget in his future speculations on plants the wonderful powers of a *living system*, the operations of which can never be accounted for on physical principles. There appears in all beings, animal and vegetable, a provision for repairing accidents, for seeking conveniences, and for repelling external attacks, for which philosophers have in vain laboured to account, and which physicians have been satisfied to call in the human body the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Plants as well as animals seek their welfare through every obstruction; and mechanical philosophy will be found as inadequate to elucidate the actions of vegetable as of animal life. How vain would it be to endeavour to explain the phenomena of the growth of animals by the operation of gravity! The human fætus for great part of its existence lies with its feet upwards, and its extremities are smaller in proportion than those of the adult; but nobody will say that this is caused by gravity drawing the fluids downwards, and depriving the legs of their share of nourishment. Yet we know something of the anatomy of man, while of that of plants, the vessels of which perform a great part in producing all these disputed phenomena, we are in a state of comparatively profound ignorance.

Mr. Knight's arguments drawn from the growth of trees, are quite inconclusive, and the facts remarked by him may be explained on grounds directly opposite to those which he has taken. But we cannot afford more room to the consideration of this paper, to which we must not forget to allow its due merit of ingenuity and industrious observation.

VI. *A Third Series of Experiments on an artificial Substance, which possesses the principal characteristic Properties of Tannin, with some Remarks on Coal. By Charles Hatchett, Esq. F.R.S.*—The observations of this ingenious chemist must always be received with great pleasure by every lover of that science to which he devotes his time. The merit of this series of experiments on tannin, we have before had occasion to notice: and if we do not now enter into any very long discussion regarding the contents of the present communication, it is because we have already alluded in a former critique to the discoveries of Mr. Hatchett. In the

present paper we are presented with a number of experiments upon the effects of sulphuric acid upon various oils, resins, and other vegetable bodies, of which many produced the artificial tannin, and probably all would have done so, had the process been stopped at the necessary period. Some observations are also made on the possibility of applying this method of forming the tanning principle to the practical advantages of the arts, and it appears highly probable that a long time will not elapse before something of the sort be effected. But it is not in this view only that the experiments of Mr. Hatchett are likely to benefit the world. He has opened the way to a long series of investigations, the result of which will probably be to throw a wonderful light on the operations of the chemistry of nature, and perhaps to enable us to form many of those products, on which rarity or peculiar excellence confer an extraordinary value. The most economical manner of forming the tannin artificially, is found by the author of this paper to be, after extracting all the natural tannin by water to roast the residuum and moisten it with nitric acid, and in general it appears that most vegetable substances may be treated with advantage in this way. It seems highly probable that peat may be applied successfully for the purpose, and thus that substance, which a few years ago served no purpose but to afford fuel to some of the most wretched parts of the country, may not only be converted, as has lately been discovered, into valuable manure, but aid in the formation of one of the most essential products of a civilized country, that of leather. This paper concludes with some observations on the nature of coal, which Mr. Hatchett seems disposed to consider as of aqueous origin. We do not wonder at this: it is natural that a gentleman who has been so remarkably successful in the investigation of the changes of vegetable matter in the humid way, should push his doctrine as far as it will go, but he admits the striking results of Sir James Hall's experiments on the fusion of animal and vegetable substances under compression, and expresses a wish in which all must join, that that expert and profound philosopher should proceed in the investigation of the action of heat on organized bodies. Mr. Hatchett, it appears, does not intend to pursue farther the economical inquiry into the formation of artificial tannin.

VIII. *An Account of a small Lobe of the Human Prostate Gland, which has not before been taken Notice of by Anatomists. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.*—Mr. Home, whose anatomical and chirurgical skill is well known to the public, here describes a new lobe of the prostate gland, of no

great importance in its natural state; but which, by its diseased enlargement, becomes the source of serious inconvenience. The paper is accompanied with a plate, which shews very clearly the situation of this lobe.

ART. VIII.—*Fragments upon the Balance of Power in Europe. Translated from the German of the Chevalier Fred. Gentz, just published.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. Peltier. 1806.

M. GENTZ, the author of these 'Fragments,' is known to the public by several publications, which discover ingenuity, knowledge, and what may be called the art of writing; but they have never passed the boundaries of sophistry. He is always either ignorant, or he conceals the knowledge of primary causes; and he ascribes the origin of errors and calamities, to events, the effects of errors and calamities which he wholly overlooks.

M. Gentz assumes as a truth, that the struggle of the French revolution, and of the combined powers, is like the war of the gods and the Titans, or contending between good and evil.

This perhaps, in no period of the contest, would be proved to be the case. The refusal to France, in its first commendable efforts to mitigate the evils of its government, was a crime against the interests of humanity, the punishments of which are now inflicting on Europe.

The extravagancies and atrocities of the French revolution, were effects, not of the spirit of reform, for it exhibited itself in wise and moderate propositions; not of atheism, for it was never adopted but by a drunken populace as a temporary pretence for depredation; but of the incessant intrigues of the agents of foreign powers, whose object was, by the example of France, to terrify the surrounding nations from any projects or hopes of reforming the abuses of their own governments.

In this dreadful project they succeeded for a time; but while they have left the people without hope, they have accelerated their own danger.

The French revolution, intended as a vortex for France only, into which might be thrown the philosophers and reasoners of Europe, is opening and daily extending its tremendous crater, and will involve in it all its authors. For it is in vain that such declaimers as M. Gentz dwell on combinations after combinations of ministers without wisdom, and cabinets without virtue, against a devastating torrent, the ingredients and fuel of which have been principally furnished by themselves.

These 'Fragments,' it must be confessed, exhibit the systematic perfidies of France in strong colours. But what had France for ten years experienced from the cabinets of Europe? Where are the lessons given her in wisdom, justice, and humanity? If there be a Providence (which all men believe except atheists and *hypocrites*) there must be retributions; and many of those who see in Bonaparte every thing that is unprincipled and perfidious, see in him also the scourge of justice, and the minister of . . . vengeance!

If the eloquence of M. Gentz and his credit with political cabinets were employed in persuading them, even now, to reform their own errors and abuses, he might assist in producing some amelioration of the impending catastrophe of Europe. His present description of the measures and conquests of France, promote rather than impede them, by impressing on the minds of his readers the most hopeless and desponding sentiments.

The reader may judge between us and the author, after perusing the following paragraph,

'But if reason and experience compel us to pronounce that indifference to the public good, which characterizes a very great proportion of the people of our time, an incurable evil; what are we to think of another error, which though less frequent, is still more revolting than that, (for it would be going too far to call it more destructive,) I mean the *satisfaction* with which some amongst us hail the dissolution of all the old constitutions, the more than half finished, and soon to be completed, subjection of Europe! Here it is not grounds of consolation which they offer us to sweeten a bitter and inevitable destiny; it is formal congratulations, it is a call to joy and exultation. One informs us with philosophical profundity, that what in appearance is so frightful, if considered in a just point of view is the best and most convenient way to attain an everlasting peace; war the only evil—for human wisdom will ere long get the better of earthquakes, pestilence, and famine—will soon vanish from the earth, when every thing is subjected to one master. Another is of opinion, not quite without ground, if the conclusion followed from the premises—that the old political body is become so weak, the joints which unite the different members so feeble, and the spirit which animated the whole so exhausted, impotent, and scant, that its dissolution should not occasion much regret; but on the contrary, as opening a better prospect for futurity, that it is more to be wished for than deprecated. The vigorous creative hand of one individual, of an absolute sovereign, will restore to every thing life and youth. A third dwells on the greatness of the man whom Providence has chosen to govern the world according to his will; when the struggle is once finished, and every obstructing obstacle removed, then will his mighty genius put us again in possession of what we have lost, and convert united Europe into a scene of com-

sort and abundance, of splendor and bliss.——The public hear this language, not indeed with unqualified confidence, but without any symptom of disgust; and in the minds of most people, there is something which predisposes them favourably to receive it. They pant after repose. They think it impossible but the present painful, embroiled and tumultuous state of things, must tend to a speedy and determinate issue; leading either to the re-establishment of order, or to the completion of that disorder, where every thing must begin anew. But as the road which conducts to the former of these results is much more long and rugged than that which leads to the latter, they accustom themselves, by little and little, to consider the very abyss of evil as a sort of haven in which their hopes repose; and thus become familiar with the most criminal wishes, of which they were originally quite unaware.'

ART. IX.—*Translations chiefly from the Greek Anthology, with Tales and Miscellaneous Poems.* 8vo. Phillips. 1806.

THE fate of that interesting collection of fragments and minor poems, known by the title of the Greek Anthology, is somewhat curious. About one hundred years previous to the Christian æra, Meleager the Syrian selected from the works of all the celebrated masters of Grecian poetry, the most exquisite specimens in the lighter departments of poetical composition, besides which he enriched his 'Garland' (such was the title he gave to his inestimable compilation) with all the most beautiful fugitive pieces he could collect from oral recitation, and with the most striking inscriptions to be found on the temples, pillars, and other public monuments of departed bravery and virtue. Nearly one hundred and fifty years after the time of Meleager, a continuation of his work was undertaken by Philip of Thessalonica, which exhibited in melancholy and regular graduation the decline of national genius. The next of these collectors follows at a long interval of five hundred years. In the sixth century it was reserved for Agathias to 'sound the base string' of intellectual humiliation, and to collect testimonies of the utter extinction of taste and genius among his enslaved and effeminate countrymen. He was probably assisted in his labours by an officer of the Imperial palace, Paul the Silentiary, a dissolute courtier, who appears to have regarded the muse only as the handmaid of vice: and it is a most afflicting reflection, that the comparatively worthless remains of Agathias and his colleague outnumber the relics which have reached us from Meleager and Philip conjointly. During the frightful darkness of the following centuries, the dialect

of Sophocles and Plato became daily less intelligible; and all performances were nearer to the apprehension of the generality of readers by exactly the same space that they were removed from the true standard of purity and perfection. Accordingly, when in the tenth century, one Constantine Cephalas undertook the publication of a new Anthology, either in conformity, with his own taste, or from the necessity of accommodating his performance to the intellectual habits of his readers, he made a comparatively sparing selection from the compilations of Meleager and Philip, but filled his pages with copious insertions from Agathias; to which he added some miserable productions of the intermediate ages, together with a few by his patron the emperor Leo the Philosopher.

The learned remained in possession of this collection till about the beginning of the 14th century, when the business of arrangement and reform was unfortunately taken up by a monk of Constantinople, Maximus Planudes. To the execution of his task he appears to have brought no other qualities than those of bigotry, indolence, and dulness. He seems to have possessed the mechanical genius of an index-maker without his perseverance, and the narrow illiberal prejudices of an ignorant churchman, without his consistency and zeal. His object, as far as may be collected from his work, was first to reduce the bulk of Cephalas's Anthology; secondly, to purge it of its impurities; and thirdly, to make a digest of what he suffered to remain. The first of these purposes he accomplished by rejecting many of the most exquisite pieces. In the second he has shewn so little judgment and vigilance, that many compositions have been permitted to remain, which have neither the recommendations of innocence or elegance; and as to the third, instead of the natural order in which the poems originally appeared, he brought under one head all the compositions on the same subject alphabetically arranged according to the names of the authors, and by this mode of classification happily succeeded in disgusting the mind with a wearisome repetition of similar ideas, and so effectually confounded the order of time, that the reader is deprived even of the slight satisfaction of tracing the gradual corruption of the language, or of ascertaining the claims of the several authors to originality of thought. His indolence was at least as fatal as his ignorance and want of judgment. A difficult or illegible passage in the manuscript before him never suggested to him the propriety of consulting others; to interpolate was easier than to collate, and accordingly the text is frequently either deplorably muti-

lated, or miserably patched together with barbarous and incoherent distichs. This wretched and clumsy epitome, however, entirely superseded the original collection, and for three centuries the world heard no more of the Anthology of Constantine Cephalas. Probably it would have been lost to modern literature for ever, had it not been rescued from oblivion by the indefatigable and judicious labours of that mighty scholar, Claudius Salmasius. The result of his researches was that collection which still goes by his name, but which was never published till it was given to the world by Brunck in his Analecta.

The fragments which have been thus preserved, scanty as they are, compared with the three original collections, will be very highly prized by the genuine admirers of ancient literature. The remains of the earlier Anthology are indeed few, but precious; ὀλιγὰ μὲν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα. The whole collection however, exclusive of every other claim to attention, must be allowed to possess that interest which must always attach to a multitude of compositions of the easier and lighter description. Nothing is so happily calculated to illustrate national taste and character, and to mark the progress of national manners, as those shorter performances which approach the familiar style of colloquial intercourse, and treat on subjects of daily interest and perpetual occurrence. It is perhaps as much on this account as any other that the Greek epigrams are so highly prized by every scholar. The severe chastity of taste, which distinguishes the nobler productions of that extraordinary people, is, if possible, still more conspicuous in their brief and trifling effusions. They frequently present no more than a single image or sentiment generally attired in the simplest languge, or at any rate, but very frugally decorated with the laboured ornaments of diction. They are mostly not only destitute of point, to which indeed the ambition of their authors seems scarcely ever to have been directed, but will in most instances disappoint those, who are on the watch for any thing striking. In short, their beauties are of that modest and retiring nature, which must necessarily fail to captivate at first sight, and nothing short of familiar acquaintance can give them their due interest and attraction.

These circumstances, which are far from operating to their disadvantage with a mind classically instructed, and deeply engaged with every thing that belongs to ancient literature, seem to render very unpromising the task of familiarising these elegant but simple compositions to a modern taste, by means of a translation. The languid curiosity of a reader ignorant of the language, is not likely to be very actively stimulated by specimens, the merits of which cannot

become fully intelligible even to scholars, till after a long and intimate acquaintance with the original. This, doubtless, is the reason why so few of the epigrams have yet been translated. And indeed, the few that are in English, are perhaps not particularly well calculated to convey an accurate conception of the general character of the rest: for those which have been selected for translation, have something more pointed and showy than is usually to be found among the multitude of those which still remain unattempted. Of the later poems indeed which are to be found in the Anthology, there are not a great many which would repay the labour of translation; and he who should be desirous of training his faculties to this species of poetical exercise, would do well to confine himself chiefly to the materials of Meleager and Philip; but particularly the former. It is an infallible symptom of the declining taste of the age of Agathias, that the compositions appear to be spirited in the same degree that the subject is corrupt and licentious; an observation particularly applicable to the performances of Paul the Silentiary. The rest, in general, do little more than present the same images which a perusal of the earlier collections has rendered familiar, dressed in dull and faded colours; and instead of the lively and wholesome relish of native genius, offer nothing but the tame and vapid dregs of false taste and enfeebled imagination. This censure is of course not universally applicable: and in spite of the objections and difficulties we have suggested, we should be greatly rejoiced to see in the English language a judicious selection of such of the epigrams, &c. as are best worth preserving. Such a work, if executed by men uniting the fancy of the poet to the accuracy and perseverance of the scholar, would certainly be valuable. Recalling the public taste to the genuine standards of purity and beauty, it might perhaps assist in arresting the progress of that prurient and meretricious refinement, which is beginning to infect the style of our lighter poetical compositions, and thus might combine with the praise of elegant versification the more exalted merit of moral utility.

The example of such an undertaking is presented to the public, on a small scale, by the little volume before us. It contains a number of highly creditable exercises, consisting of translations of the epigrams, and of fragments preserved by Athenæus and Stobæus, together with some original compositions. They are introduced by a preface written with considerable elegance and spirit, and containing much appropriate information, and just criticism. The translations are agreeably illustrated by notes, which display

a happy mixture of vivacity and erudition. The original poems in this volume have the merit of harmonious versification, and shew a considerable command of poetical diction, and a fancy well stored with classical imagery. Of the translations our opinion is not uniformly favourable. Many of them certainly do not rise above mediocrity: a point indeed to which some of them are confined by the weight of their insipid original. Others, however, are executed with no ordinary degree of felicity; and some few are entitled to the praise of uniting the fidelity of translations with the freedom and spirit of original performances. We shall insert a few of the most favourable specimens.

The very first in the book, we think, does as much justice as a translation can do to the beautiful lines of Meleager.

'Clarissa, when she loos'd her virgin zone,
Found in the nuptial bed an early grave;
Death claimed the bridegroom's right; to death alone
The treasure, promis'd to her spouse, she gave.

'To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled,
The flute's soft strain and hymeneal choir;
At morn sad howlings echo round the bed,
And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire.

'The very torches that, at fall of night,
Shed their bright radiance o'er the bridal room,
Those very torches, with the morning's light,
Conduct the lovely sufferer to her tomb.'

The following we regard as a very happy model for the translation of Greek inscriptions. It has all the pure simplicity of the original, and is as remarkable for its closeness as its elegance. For the satisfaction of those who may not have the Anthology on their table, we shall transcribe the Greek:

εἰς Ἀφροδ. τῆς ἄγαλμα κ. τ. λ.

Κύπριδος εἶδος ὁ χῶρος, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἔπλεο τήνᾳ
ἀιὲν ἀπ' ἠπείρου λαμπρὸν ὄρνυ πέλαγος,
ὄφρα φίλον ναύλοισι τελῇ πλόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος
δειμαίνει, λιπαρὸν δερκόμενος ξόανον.

On a statue of Venus on the sea coast:

'Cyther[illegible]n this craggy steep,
Looks d[illegible]ard on the glassy deep,
And hith[illegible]lls the breathing gale,
Propitiou[illegible] the venturous sail,
While oce[illegible] flows below serene,
Awed by [illegible] smile of Beauty's queen.' P. 10.

The following are remarkable for ease, elegance, and sweetness of numbers, and breathe all the spirit of the original:

'Mild Star of Eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the Queen of Love;
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above,
And only to the Moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night!

'All hail, thou soft, thou holy, star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wandering far,
Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
Then, if the Moon deny her ray,
Oh guide me, Hesper, on my way!

'No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin, claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plund'ring trade;
My gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.'

'From where his silver waters glide,
Majestic, to the ocean-tide
On fair Olympia's plain,
Still his dark course Alpheus keeps
Beneath the mantle of the deeps,
Nor mixes with the main.

'To grace his distant bride he pours
The sands of Pisa's sacred shores,
And flow'rs that deck'd her grove;
And, rising from the unconscious brine,
On Arethusa's breast divine
Receives the meed of Love.

'Tis thus with soft bewitching skill
The childish god deludes our will,
And triumphs o'er our pride;
The mighty river owns his force,
Bends to the sway his winding course,
And dives beneath the tide.'

'O'er the smooth main when scarce a zephyr blows
To break the dark blue ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.

But when, white-foaming, heave the deeps on high,
Swells the black storm, and mingles sea with sky,
Trembling, I fly the wild tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.
Sweet are the sounds that murmur thro' the wood
While roaring storms upheave the dang'rous flood;
Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.
Hard is the life the weary fisher finds
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labour, and uncertain gains.
Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
Of some broad leafy plane inglorious laid,
Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn labourer's ear.'

In the last couplet, the translator, misled by the modern corruption of the text, has departed from his author, and from nature. We must do Moschus the justice to believe that he knew better than to imagine that 'the toil-worn labourer' could be much disturbed by the roaring of a torrent or the murmuring of a rill. The reading followed in the translation is—'ἃ τέρπει ψοφέουσα τὸν ἄγριον, ἐχὶ ταράσσει'—which is rejected by Brunck as not conformable to the ancient editions. He proposes 'ἃ τέρπει ψοφέουσα, τὸ δ' ἄγριον ἐχὶ ταράσσει.' And the sense will then be simply, 'which soothes by its murmurs, while its violence does not disturb.' Whether this be the true reading we shall not presume to determine: at any rate the sense is mended, if the passage be not restored by the alteration.

The invocation of the master of a vineyard, for punishment on those who had torn and bruised his vines, is transfused into English with great felicity and animation:

'Who has the unripe cluster torn,
And thrown with wrinkled lip away?
And left the parent vine to mourn
Her fruit to barbarous hands a prey?

'May Bacchus on the spoiler turn
His fiercest rage and bitterest smart
His head with fevered phrensy burn,
With agony distract his heart!

'For hence some transitory pleasure
The child of misery might borrow,
Burst into song of wildest measure,
And quaff oblivion of his sorrow.'

We cannot always congratulate the author on the success of his attempts to translate the light, humorous, and convivial epigrams. It is well known that nothing so easily escapes during the process of transfusion, as drollery and wit. If a man succeeds two or three times in his life in this way, it is almost as much as he can expect. We recommend the writer to wait for the happiest moments of inspiration before he ventures again on this most delicate and difficult of all the duties of a translator. One of the best of his efforts is the following:

'Not Deucalion's deluge nor Phaëton's roast
Ever sent such a cart-load to Phlegethon's coast,
As our laureat with odes and with elegies kills,
And our doctor destroys with infallible pills;
Then well these four plagues with each other may vie,
Deucalion and Phaëton, B——m and P——.'

From the original compositions in this volume we could easily make numerous extracts, that would entitle their author to a very high rank among the poets of the present day. We cannot refuse to our readers the epilogue which closes the translations.

'Tis past——and o'er her laurels torn
The queen of nations bends to mourn,
The nurse of heroes crouches low,
Slave to a base ignoble foe.
Seas, where triumphant fleets unfurl'd
Their banners that o'eraw'd the world,
Lands peopled by the wise and brave,
Abode of patriots, and their grave,
Fields where the early muse awoke
And tuneful reeds the silence broke,
Mountains—(retreat of gods), and vales
That give their fragrance to the gales,
Rivers, from steepy heights that fell,
Where tenants of each sparry cell,
Beneath your waters fring'd with flow'rs
The nymphs of fountains pass'd their hours;
While on your margin stretch'd along
The poet dream'd, or tun'd his song,
At which the Dryads would appear,
And sylvan boys would run to hear!
Dim are your glories, sunk your name,
And all has perish'd but the fame
That never shall thro' time decay
While nations rise and melt away.

Fraught with the treasures of the past
As years to years succeeding haste,

And tho' in every age we trace
A moral for the coming race,
In vain we backward cast our eyes
On follies, crimes, and miseries,
From war and havock shrink in vain,
And all is acted o'er again.
Dead are the bards—but living lays
Resound, and tell of early days,
And still the trembling chords prolong
Untouch'd the power of antient song;
Dear is their minstrelly, that floats
In solemn, sweet, and liquid notes,
That registers the orphan's sigh,
The plighted lovers perjury,
The pride of riches and of power,
The mirthful, and the mournful hour,
That paints the virgin in her bloom,
The triumph, banquet, and the tomb,
The deeds of mighty chiefs, who broke
The tyrant's chain and spurn'd his yoke,
And then by beauty's arms subdued
Were led in willing servitude.
Dear are the records, that unfold
The pleasures and the cares of old,
And bid us in the past descry
The visions of futurity.'

The 'Wreath,' p. 96, is a very interesting and affecting little poem: the story is told in a manner that finds its way at once to the heart. The 'Savage,' p. 211, displays uncommon vigour of conception, and warmth of poetical expression. We select the description of savage life from p. 214, 215.

'The silent moon, the stars, the skies,
Eve's sober gray, the morning light,
The mid-day blaze, in savage eyes,
Nor wonder nor regard excite:

'Enough for him, in ignorance bred,
Night yields to morn, and sun to rain;
That Nature's pulse, in winter dead,
By spring rekindled throbs again:

'Enough for him the clay-built hut
With leaves and matting tempest-proof,
When, safe within his cabin shut,
The whirlwinds whistle o'er his roof;

'There, surly monarch of a shed,
Regardless he of danger nigh,
At eve demands his leafy bed;
Perhaps to sleep—perhaps to die;

'For treachery oft in ambush lurks
To rob his scant and wretched store,
And vengeance, bent on murderous works,
Embrues her hand in kindred gore;

'No blooming bride, in warm delight,
Awaits his ravish'd sense to steep;
Nor fancy cheats the tedious night,
Nor golden visions charm in sleep;

'No pulse ecstatic throbs to bliss.
Nor love's soft thrills inform the breast,
Nor balmy lips that meet the kiss,
Nor thoughts half-utter'd, half repress'd.

'To toil, and stripes, and misery bred,
The female droops beneath her doom;
Untimely hoar-frosts strew her head,
And wrinkles mark her withered bloom;

'For the bright smile of Albion's fair,
Her cheeks untimely labours plough;
For polish'd limbs and auburn hair,
The toil-worn arm, and hollow brow;

'Her's the dead eye, that fix'd awhile
Glares the dull mirror of the mind,
Or brightens to an idiot smile,
For loathing more than love design'd.'

On the whole we regard the poetical talents displayed in this volume as well worthy of assiduous cultivation. We shall be truly happy in frequent opportunities of tracing their progress towards their highest strength and maturity.

ART. X.—*Cases of Pulmonary Consumptions, &c. treated with Uva Ursi; to which are added some practical Observations. By Robert Bourne, M.D. Aldrichian, Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Oxford, &c.* 8vo. Rivingtons.

WE are very far from attaching to the author of this work any portion of the censure, which he anticipates from some of his readers, for having suppressed his observations more than three years after the first of them was made. On the contrary, considering the small number of cases, which he has adduced, we cannot but deem his publication even now somewhat premature. *Ars longa, judicium difficile,* is an axiom, which applies with peculiar force to the

study of diseases of the lungs. They are often extremely insidious; they resemble each other, and pass into each other; and both our prognostic and diagnostic are liable to considerable uncertainty. Thus between a long protracted catarrh and an incipient consumption, the marks of discrimination are not always obvious; in truth, they are often one and the same disease. What was simple catarrh in the beginning, being protracted by imprudence and neglect, becomes in the end the foundation of a fatal *phthisis;* yet proper management and care, with common remedies, might have removed the catarrh, and the consumption would not have ensued. Even the appearances of confirmed consumption now and then present themselves, from which the patient nevertheless recovers under the employment of common expedients. It is surely not, then, from a detail of *sixteen* cases, of which eight were cases of 'apparently true pulmonary consumption' in its first stage; five, '*not* true pulmonary consumption;' and two of the remaining three terminated fatally; that we can derive any very satisfactory evidence of the curative powers of a medicine in this disease. Several of the first eight cases were indeed of very ambiguous nature, probably not consumptive, they recovered during the warm weather of summer; with the exception of one patient, who was destroyed by the return of winter; other means too were employed to alleviate the cough in some of them, such as opium, vitriolic acid, nitre, spermaceti, &c All these circumstances detract from the evidence of the utility of *uva ursi.* Still it must be acknowledged that, in some of the instances, there does appear to have been some connection between the administration of this medicine and the amendment of the symptoms; and that in six cases, which are related in an appendix, the amendment took place during the winter.

Dr. Bourne appears to be satisfied, not only with very limited evidence, but with very slight analogies, in the prosecution of his inquiries. For he was led to the employment of this remedy in consumption of the lungs, by the occurrence of a single case, which was scarcely marked by any circumstance in common with that disease, except the existence of hectic fever. This was a case of some organic affection, probably ulceration of the bladder, which yielded to a combination of bark, opium, and uva ursi in small doses. And thus the author reasoned: 'Among the reflections to which the unexpected amendment in the patient gave rise, it occurred to me that I scarcely should have had more cause for surprize in the removal of the hectic attendant on consumption, than I had in its removal, in the case which

was the subject of my thoughts,' p. 5. But what is implied in the removal of such hectic? Could Dr. B. forget for a moment, that the hectic attendant on consumption of the lungs, is but the sign of a morbid condition of those organs, such as few who have witnessed dissections can entertain any sanguine hopes of being able to correct or remove by medicine? We are very apt to be led beyond the bounds of discretion by a new fangled hypothesis of our own creation; and thus going on, reasoning *per saltum*, Dr. B. arrives at the sweeping conclusion, that all organic diseases, seated in viscera of the most different structure and function, which are accompanied by hectic fever (if but recently formed) may probably be relieved by uva ursi. p. 177, et seq.

After having detailed the sixteen cases to which we have alluded, and commented on them rather diffusely, the author proceeds to make some 'pharmaceutical and practical observations' on the remedy which he recommends. The pharmaceutical experiments appear not to have been conducted with any portion of that correctness and precision, nor the inferences to have been deduced with that accuracy, which the present scientific state of chemistry would lead us to expect. Dr. B. made decoctions, and infusions, and tinctures, but makes no other observation as to the results, than what relates to the loss of weight sustained by the powder under these operations. This is his summary: 'On the whole we see that water extracts from *uva ursi* nearly all that proof spirit is able to extract, and proof spirit nearly all that water is able.' p. 208. We cannot apprehend that the doctor here intends to assert, that water and spirit extract the same portions of the powder; but he has taken no notice of the different proportions of essential oil, of gum, or of resin, or of the 'astringent acid,' nor made any attempt to ascertain, with which of these principles the peculiar medicinal properties of the plant resides. We are therefore still left to learn which of the preparations may be the most efficacious.

Dr. Bourne administers the powder of *uva ursi* in doses of 8 or 10 grains, a circumstance which somewhat surprised us. He declares, however, that these small doses, taken three times a day, 'do not, now and then, sit so easy on the stomach as might be wished.' He believes too, that in these doses it occasionally produces very sensible effects on the nervous system, such as vertigo, head-ach, lowness, &c. and even has caused an intermission of the pulse. Our experience coincides with the general opinion of its inertness in much larger doses. Dr. B. however, suggests that the powder, as it is usually sold, is badly prepared; nay he even

asserts that he 'never saw a good specimen which was not prepared in this place or neighbourhood.' (Oxford.) The following suggestions, therefore, should be attended to by those who may employ the medicine. 'The powder, when properly prepared, is of a light-brown colour, with a shade of greenish yellow;'—it 'has nearly the smell of good grass hay, as cut from the rick: to the taste, it is, at first, smartly astringent and bitterish; by and by these impressions on the palate soften into a liquorish flavour.' P. 186. We may add, that we have given this medicine, apparently well prepared, in four or five cases of confirmed *phthisis pulmonalis*. In two or three of the instances, it appeared to exert some small influence on the stomach, and rather increased the appetite for a time; thus contributing to magnify the false hopes with which such patients, happily perhaps, delude themselves. The hectic and the peculiar symptoms of the disease were unabated, and it terminated, in all, with its usual fatality.

Although we have expressed ourselves throughout in very sceptical terms respecting this treatise, we are very far from intimating that the suggestions of Dr. Bourne are unworthy of serious attention. Cautious experiment, in a large number of instances, can alone decide the value of the practice in question. And as Dr. Bourne has thus strongly recommended it, we trust he will feel himself so far committed to the public, as to strengthen or to renounce the brief and therefore unsatisfactory evidence, upon which his recommendation now rests, by publishing the result of his subsequent experience. The brevity of his evidence, and the hurry, not the delay, of its publication, are to be lamented. We cannot forget the recent eulogiums which were composed on the powers of factitious airs, of digitalis, &c. in the same disease, which seemed to be built upon more ample experience, and to be supported by more plausible reasoning: yet consumption commits its ravages as heretofore. We shall rejoice, for the cause of humanity, if time be more propitious to the remedy suggested by Dr. Bourne.

The style of this work is somewhat diffuse, but unaffected, and extremely perspicuous.

ART. XI.—*An Essay on the Principles of Human Action: being an Argument in Favour of the natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind. To which are added some Remarks on the Systems of Hartley and Helvetius.* 8vo. 5s. Johnson.

WHEN Bishop Butler first published his volume of ad-

mirable sermons, which are very deservedly and highly commended by the author of the present essay, they obtained some portion of the public notice and applause, though very inadequate to their great and exalted merit. But the voice of commendation from the discerning few was quite surpassed by the numerous outcries against them as obscure, dry, and unintelligible. To the second edition the pious and excellent author prefixed a very valuable preface, in which, along with some additional illustrations of the method of reasoning which he had adopted, and explanations of such things as seemed most to require them, he intermixed, as such an author had doubtless good right to do, a few words in vindication of himself, and a few more by way of caution and admonition to his readers. All subjects, he remarks, cannot be understood with equal ease; and nothing can be understood without that degree of attention, which the very nature of the thing demands. Morals, considered as a science, concerning which speculative questions and difficulties are daily raised, and treated in relation to those difficulties, plainly require a very peculiar attention. It is not enough then to say that a work is not easily understood, unless the complainant be ready to show how it might have been made plainer. Again, he animadverts with great justice upon the lazy indifferent habits, the entire want of all contemplation and study in the great bulk of readers. No time, he remarks, is more idly spent, and with less thought, than a great deal of that which is employed over books. May it not then often happen through this '*thorough-paced*' kind of reading, this habit merely of seeing what is said without going any deeper, that the reason why an author is not understood may be neither the fault of the writer nor of his subject, but perhaps nothing more than the incapacity and deficiencies of those very persons who are the first and loudest in their complaints of his obscurity?

If we mistake not, something of the same kind of complaint will be pretty generally preferred against these Principles of Human Action. Certain it is that some of the like subjects are treated by the present writer in a way which to our eyes is more obscure, and more difficult to our apprehension, than we have been used to think them in the pages of the venerable prelate. We do not pretend to estimate accurately what precise portion of this obscurity may belong to his subject, what to the author, and what to ourselves. Our sole object in these preliminary remarks is to warn his readers that they do not, with blameable rashness and precipitancy, throw the volume aside, if at first view it should seem obscure, and attribute all or even the principal

blame to the author. For we are most truly of opinion that he has a right to urge in his own behalf the very same kind of pleas and admonitions which were resorted to by Bishop Butler: and as he has not done this for himself any more than the bishop did, it may be very well (till he shall have the opportunity of a second edition) that we have done him the justice ourselves to suggest them for him.

Nor shall we be contented merely with this single interposition in his favour. The writer, we really think, is one of more than ordinary merit and promise, and therefore we feel more than ordinarily interested to bespeak for him, what is not always easy to be had by anonymous publications, a fair opportunity to be heard.

We need only turn then towards the close of the essay, to shew that, where the nature of his subject is such as to admit or to call for it, he can exhibit powers of writing, not indeed free from faults, but in value far above the common.

'I do not think I should illustrate the foregoing reasoning so well by any thing I could add on the subject as by relating the manner in which it first struck me.—There are moments in the life of a solitary thinker which are to him what the evening of some great victory is to the conqueror and hero—milder triumphs long remembered with truer and deeper delight. And though the shouts of multitudes do not hail his success, though gay trophies, though the sounds of music, the glittering of armour, and the neighing of steeds do not mingle with his joy, yet shall he not want monuments and witnesses of his glory, the deep forest, the willowy brook, the gathering clouds of winter, or the silent gloom of his own chamber, "faithful remembrancers of his high endeavour, and his glad success," that, as time passes by him with unreturning wing, still awaken the consciousness of a spirit, patient, indefatigable in the search of truth, and the hope of surviving in the thoughts and minds of other men.—I remember I had been reading a speech which Mirabeau (the author of the System of Nature) has put into the mouth of a supposed atheist at the last judgment; and was afterwards led on by some means or other to consider the question whether it could properly be said to be an act of virtue in any one to sacrifice his own final happiness to that of any person or number of persons, if it were possible for the one ever to be made the price of the other. Suppose it were my own case—that it were in my power to save twenty other persons by voluntarily consenting to suffer for them: why should I not do a generous thing, and never trouble myself about what might be the consequence to myself the Lord knows when?—The reason why a man should prefer his own future welfare to that of others is that he has a necessary, absolute interest in the one which he cannot have in the other, and this again is a consequence of his being always the same individual, of his continued identity

with himself. The difference I thought was this, that however insensible I may be to my own interest at any future period, yet when the time comes I shall feel differently about it. I shall then judge of it from the actual impression of the object, that is truly and certainly; and as I shall still be conscious of my past feelings and shall bitterly regret my own folly and insensibility, I ought as a rational agent to be determined now by what I shall then wish I had done when I shall feel the consequences of my actions most deeply and sensibly. It is this continued consciousness of my own feelings which gives me an immediate interest in whatever relates to my future welfare, and makes me at all times accountable to myself for my own conduct.'

With these preparations, we think we may safely trust the reader to take the volume into his hands; and we can assure him, that, with a little patience, he will find the general subject treated with very considerable ability, and will be well rewarded for his trouble.

The essay is followed by an appendix containing an examination of, and remarks in opposition to, the metaphysical and moral systems of Hartley and Helvetius. The strictures, generally speaking, are well grounded, and we recommend them to the consideration of the systematic admirers of those writers.

In this part of his work the essayist is more than once exceedingly severe in his animadversions upon the lectures of Mr.(now Sir James) M'Intosh, delivered some years ago in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn. For our own parts, though we no more think than the author does, that Sir James is a Berkley or a Butler in metaphysics, yet we cannot but be of opinion that the bitterness of these strictures might as well have been spared. That gentleman is now at a great distance from the literary world, employed in an important public situation, and has not an easy opportunity to defend himself; and as his lectures were never printed, very few readers have the means of judging how far the representations here given of his opinions are correct or otherwise. It might, we should think, in such a case, have been better merely to refute the sentiment, without any mention of its owner's name; especially when it is accompanied and stigmatized by language such as the following:

'I confess I like ingenuity, however misapplied, if it is but a man's own: but the dull, affected, pompous repetition of nonsense is not to be endured with patience, &c.'

ART. XII. *The military, historical and political Memoirs of the Count de Hordt, a Swedish Nobleman, and Lieutenant General in the Service of his Majesty the King of Prussia. Revised by M. Borelly, late Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres, at Berlin, &c. &c. &c.* 2 *vols.* 8vo. Egerton. 1806.

BEFORE the great and unprecedented revolution which has for the last fifteen years convulsed Europe, the former annals of modern times shrink into comparative insignificance. Accustomed daily to witness events more important and extraordinary than any which are furnished by the past history of the modern world, mankind no longer contemplates with wonder and dismay, events which there find no place,—nations blotted from the political map; kings driven from their thrones, and private individuals elevated to the rank of sovereigns. So numerous have been the characters, of late years, whose talents or whose crimes have rivetted the eyes of the world upon them, that the illustrious worthies, even of days not long past, are regarded without emotion; and those countries which yet retain a real or nominal independence, are too much occupied with the scenes that pass before them, and with fears for their own endangered safety, to derive interest from the quarrels, the revolutions, or the calamities of nations, whose importance is now lost, and of some of whom not even the name is left behind.

At a time less eventful the spectacle which Europe exhibited during the seventy years that form the period of the present Memoirs, and which are here recapitulated by a veteran soldier, with the ease and familiarity of a table dialogue, would be curious and attractive. The political changes that took place during that time in Sweden, Russia, Poland, Holland and England; the bloody wars in Prussia, Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries, as well as in the more northern parts of Europe; the military talents of Marshal Saxe, and the more mighty prowess of Frederic the Great; the commanding genius of Catherine, and the milder and more virtuous dignity of Maria Theresa; events, in most of which our author was engaged, as a party or as a witness, and characters the greatest part of whom honoured him with their acquaintance and esteem, promise no common share of instructive amusement to the reader of the volumes before us. It does not appear to have been so much the intention of the count de Hordt to write the general history of the age he lived in, as that of particular occurrences which took place under his eye, and wherein he had some share during the course of his political and mili-

tary career. He therefore gives us but a simple sketch of such events as, owing to his distance from the scenes of action, reached him merely by indirect means or by report, and were not connected with those circumstances which he could look upon as personal, either from his having witnessed them himself, or contributed more or less in bringing them about.

These are not all, it must be confessed, of very great importance; but still they will not be read without some interest. We are in company with an old soldier, full of sincerity, good humour, and a sort of cheerful bluntness, who, near the end of his career, seems to take pleasure in recording the anecdotes of his early days.

The facts, moreover, which are related are so well authenticated, and the considerations respecting the causes which produced them, flow from such good sources, that few works of this kind are better entitled to the attention of those readers who are desirous of obtaining an epitome of correct information, without labouring through voluminous histories. At the same time, while we allow our belief to the most material part of the memoirs, the consideration which the author enjoyed at several of the courts of Europe being indisputable, yet we must not forget to state, that his vanity at being honoured by the notice of so many sovereigns, has sometimes perhaps induced him to wander into the regions of exaggeration, and to mistake, or wish others to mistake, the condescending civility of princes, for the partiality and confidence of friendship.

The count de Hordt, the author and subject of these memoirs, was descended from an ancient family, which held a distinguished rank among the noble families of Sweden. His father, as is almost the invariable custom of the continental nobility, embraced the profession of arms, and followed Charles XII. through all his campaigns, that brilliant but inauspicious meteor, who was destined to astonish Europe by his warlike virtues and the rapidity of his conquests, and to terminate his military career by unparalleled disasters and losses, which the Swedish nation still feels, and which his successors will perhaps never be able to repair.

Of the splendid atchievements of this prince in the early part of his life, a short account is to be found in the introductory chapters of this work. On his return from Turkey, whither he had been accompanied by the father of the count, the latter quitted the service, and sought repose from the toils of war in the quiet scenes of domestic life. Our hero, the youngest of two sons, was appointed ensign in the foot guards at the age of fourteen. After making the campaign

of 1741, so disgraceful to the Swedes, in the imprudent war which was undertaken against Russia through the intrigues of the French ambassador, the count de St. Severin, and which was terminated by the peace of Abo; having lost his father at this period, and being possessed with an enthusiastic fondness for a military life, the count de Hordt determined to leave his native country, which now afforded him no opportunity of gratifying his warlike wishes, and of entering into the service either of France or England, between whom a war had just broken out. We now find our hero dragged in opposite directions by military ambition and love. He had shortly before become acquainted with a young lady of considerable beauty and accomplishments, the daughter of a Swedish admiral. Our fair readers will have but an indifferent opinion of his affection or his gallantry, when they hear that love had not influence enough on this resolute soldier to decide the question in his own favour. Our adventurer obtained the king's permission for his departure, and on passing through Carlscrona, the residence of the object of his tenderness, in his way to the Low Countries, he adopted the inconsistent measure of at once explaining the nature of his journey, and of soliciting the hand of Mad^lle^ de Wachmeister. The refusal of the mother's consent till he should return to his own country, did not retard the heroism of our soldier, who made the best of his way to Brussels, the head quarters of the prince of Walldeck, general in chief of the forty thousand auxiliaries that were furnished by the United Provinces to the court of Vienna; he arrived just before the commencement of the campaign, and on presenting his letters of recommendation, and offering his services as a volunteer, was received with the greatest politeness by the prince, who desired that he would have no other table but his own, and permitted him to place his baggage (which probably did not occupy much room) in his train.

The allied army, under the nominal command of the duke of Cumberland, amounted to seventy thousand men, English, Dutch, Austrians, Hessians, and Hanoverians, all of whom were assembled by the 1st of May; and the campaign was opened two days afterwards by the French army under Marshal Saxe, who undertook the siege of Tournay. The disastrous battle of Fontenoy, which took place shortly afterwards, is not detailed at any length by our author, having been so repeatedly described in other places. It will be pleasing to the reader to peruse the following honourable testimony borne by this foreigner to the superiority of the English valour on that bloody day.

'The two armies experienced considerable losses on this ever memorable day; but of all the allies the English suffered most. It is impossible not to acknowledge they went up to the enemy in the most excellent order and evinced the most undaunted valour; they were cut to pieces, the ground was covered with their mangled bodies and strewed with an innumerable multitude of officers; and after this bloody and dreadful conflict a general mourning took place among all the best families in the British isles.

'I was sent to the duke of Cumberland two or three times during the action, with various messages from the prince de Walldeck: and never found him but in those places where the fire was the hottest, and at the head of his infantry, nor did he, or the body of men he commanded, ever seem to care about us, they fought as if they had been alone, and retreated the same.'

On another occasion the count makes a similar remark, and decides that the English nation has in fact something peculiar about them, which distinguishes them from all others. 'Even their women,' he adds 'preserve all their *sang froid* in the greatest perils and amidst the horrors of carnage. This assertion he illustrates by two horrible instances, which he also witnessed at the battle of Fontenoy.

'An Englishwoman was busy on the field of battle in taking off the gold lace of the uniform belonging to an officer who had just been killed. I happened to pass by her at the instant when a cannon ball took off her head. Another woman, with her child in her arms, beheld the accident; she laid down her child on the ground, took the knife the woman had made use of and still held with a convulsive grasp. I went on, and make no doubt but the woman succeeded to take off the lace, unless, indeed, another cannon ball interrupted her in her occupation.'

It may be doubted whether this coolness of our females amid scenes of blood, reflect so much honour on our national character as the unshaken intrepidity of the men. Perhaps it rather tends to confirm the reproach of cruelty which throughout the whole of Europe attaches to the English name. It is unquestionable that the brutality practised by our countrymen in the West Indies, far surpasses that of any other nation, the Portugueze not excepted, to whom we are apt to ascribe cruelty as an inherent vice. It may fairly be questioned whether the valour which undoubtedly distinguishes us as a people, may not be nearly allied to ferocity, and whether our boasted *sang-froid* do not readily degenerate into barbarity.

The count de Hordt served with some distinction during this and the two succeeding campaigns, and for his zeal and activity was promoted to the rank of colonel in the Dutch service. A brief but lively account of the campaigns, mixed with anecdotes of a very amusing nature, is given through-

out the greater part of the first volume. Our author had the good fortune to attract the notice of the prince of Orange, who about that period having it in contemplation to augment the troops in the republic's service, engaged him to proceed to Sweden in 1747, to endeavour to raise some regiments of infantry, to be engaged in the service of the States. It will easily be imagined that such a proposal, which gave him an opportunity of revisiting at once his native country, and the object of his love, could not fail to be highly agreeable. Shortly after his arrival at Stockholm, where he was graciously received by Frederic I. then on the throne of Sweden, he had intelligence that peace was on the point of being concluded, and the object of his mission of course superseded. He now therefore seriously thought of exchanging military for matrimonial pleasures, for no reason, it should seem, than that the former could no longer be obtained (a strange coldness in these sons of the north), and the day was accordingly fixed for the nuptials; but his pleasure was not without alloy. By a singular fatality, on the very day which put him in possession of his mistress, he had to deplore the loss of his mother, who died suddenly at the instant she was preparing to get into her carriage to attend the marriage ceremony.

The count de Hordt was now engaged in political scenes, from which he found no slight difficulty to escape with life. On the death of Charles XII. in 1718, the Swedish nation, which had long been weary of his tyrannical sway, and that of his father, hastened to resume that ancient and free form of government by which it had formerly been distinguished, and which secured their respective share of political importance to the different classes of the community; till Charles XI., by means the most odious and unjustifiable, contriving to foment dissensions among the four orders, of nobility, clergy, citizens, and peasantry, of which the states of Sweden are composed, had finally succeeded in the establishment of absolute power in the crown. It is well known how his son Charles XII. governed his people; and his pacifying the murmurs of the inhabitants of Stockholm by threatening to send his boot to rule over them, proves that he was not backward in completing the arbitrary system that had been begun by his father. As this prince left no heir, he was succeeded by his sister Ulrica, who, after a reign of one year, abdicated in favour of her husband, the prince of Hesse Cassel, who reigned under the name of Frederic I. This prince, to the disadvantage of being a foreigner, added the still further one of a mild and irresolute disposition, ill-calculated to resist the encroach-

ments of a turbulent people. It was of this, that the different orders took advantage, and united to put the senate again in possession of all the rights and prerogatives of which it had been stript by his predecessors, and to invest it with sufficient power to check any attempts that might be made in future by the crown. They divided the executive power between the king and the senate, but the prince's share was comparatively insignificant. A Swedish monarch was now in fact a sovereign without authority, whose will was of no avail, who was merely looked upon as the representative of the states, and whom, on certain days of shew, they dressed up in all the paraphernalia of majesty, in order to awe the populace and make them believe they had a king.

This change in the constitution of Sweden was in a great measure owing to the intrigues of France, who has even in the present proudest period of her pre-eminence, owed her influence over other states no less to the arts of faction than to her arms. In Sweden, as afterwards in America, the *Grand Monarque* stepped forward as the champion of liberty. The count of St. Severin, his ambassador at the court of Stockholm, spared neither pains nor money to gain an influence over men's minds; and experience has constantly proved, at all times, and in every country, how powerful a stimulus this lasting redient is in republican governments. He easily succeeded to form a numerous party in the assembly of the states; who through his intrigues and instigations were constantly labouring to strip the crown of its constitutional rights and privileges, under the plausible pretext of sheltering the liberties of the nation from all infringements. Insult was added to degradation; the king, the queen, and their four children were not only deprived of the respect and attention due to their exalted rank, but successively experienced the severer keenness of positive insult. In the mean time liberty shortly degenerated into licentiousness; the clergy, the nobles, the citizens, and the peasants, began to inveigh against each other; each body severally aspired to govern the state according to their own notions; and they did not observe that while they crushed the royal authority, they opened the door to a species of corruption the most dangerous for a state, namely, that which proceeds from foreign influence.

The count de Hordt was deeply attentive to the calamitous scenes that were passing around him, and formed a conspiracy, of which he put himself at the head, to rescue his country from the convulsions with which it was distracted,

by declaring in favour of the court, and bringing things back to that state in which they had existed during the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, when the power of the states and the crown duly counterbalanced each other. But the plot was rendered ineffectual by the premature intemperance of that part of the populace to whom its execution had been committed. In revolutions, what to-day is patriotism, when the opposite party comes into power is rebellion. Several of the ringleaders and accomplices were seized and executed. Mr. Sheridan, the secretary to the then British envoy at Stockholm, who wrote a history of the troubles in Sweden of that day, gives the same opinion of the motives of the conspirators, as is asserted by the count himself, the chief of them, in these Memoirs. 'Their crime was in itself,' says he, 'of a very doubtful nature. It never appeared that they intended to make the king absolute; they do not seem to have had any other end in view, but that of restoring to him the enjoyment of his constitutional rights; and, in a free government, any power usurped either by the crown, or by the popular branches of legislation, being equally prejudicial to public liberty, resistance may perhaps be as legitimate in one case, as in the other.'

Our author was fortunate enough to escape alive from the capital. But his persecution did not cease even when he had quitted the Swedish dominions. On arriving on the territory of Denmark, he was presented to his Danish majesty, then on the frontiers, who granted him his protection, under condition, however, that he should not stop long in his states, as there existed a convention between the two kingdoms, by virtue of which they were reciprocally bound to give up any subjects who should be claimed, and as, from intelligence lately received from Sweden, it appeared plainly that the diet's implacable spirit would shortly demand him. He accordingly proceeded to Hamburgh, and had no sooner reached that city than he was told that the Swedish minister had desired several of his friends, in case they met him, to say, that he had orders to claim him from the senate of Hamburgh, and that he had better therefore pass on and get away as soon as possible.

He now bethought himself of addressing himself to the government of Holland, hoping that in consideration of his past services, it would not deny him protection. He received for answer that the Swedish minister at the Hague had instructions to claim him in case he should appear in the territory of the United Provinces. This persecuted patriot now made for Pyrmont, the residence of his

old benefactor and commander, the prince of Walldeck, by whom he was welcomed with the greatest demonstrations of joy and friendship. Having here learned by letters from his wife, who remained in Sweden, that he had been condemned to lose his head, and an outlawry issued against him, he found himself so much at ease and so well treated in the states of his new protector, that he determined to settle there with his family, if not for the remainder of his days, at least till a change should take place in the affairs of his country. But his calculations were again frustrated. The prince of Walldeck received a letter from the emperor of Germany, purporting that a memorial had been presented by the Swedish envoy, which stated that 'his government having discovered that the count de Hordt had withdrawn to Germany and taken refuge in the prince of Walldeck's territory, requested his Imperial majesty to cause the fugitive to be apprehended and sent to Sweden under escort.' In compliance with this demand, the emperor apprized him that, although reluctantly, he could not withhold the necessary orders.

The generous prince of Walldeck offered to disobey the orders of the emperor, and to run the risk of losing all that he possessed, rather than be guilty of dishonourably giving up the unfortunate wanderer and friend who had taken refuge in his territory. 'Never,' says he,' shall the emperor or any other person on earth weaken the friendship which I bear you, and make me break through the duty I owe a good man who has unfortunately become the object of persecution.' The count, however, could not consent that his patron should commit his own safety or interest by his dangerous kindness, and, after a long struggle of generosity between them, he departed for Switzerland.

After some stay in the latter country, he received an offer of protection from the grand duke of Russia, then reigning duke of Holstein; and in his states he accordingly repaired to an asylum where he was joined by his wife and children, the former of whom had, from her superior beauty, been exposed to great troubles and dangers since the absence of her husband. It was during his residence here that his name reached the ears of Frederic the Great, who was then maintaining an unequal contest against the united powers of France, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and the greatest part of the Germanic body. It was a maxim of Frederic, and one which he practised with great success, whenever any military man had distinguished himself in the service of other potentates, to spare neither pains nor pecuniary sacrifices to engage him in his own. His

unsolicited offer to employ the court de Hordt in his armies, bears honourable testimony to the military character of our author, and to the reputation which he had acquired during his campaigns in Flanders. In the year 1758 he joined his Prussian majesty at Breslaw, and immediately received from him the command of a regiment. It will be seen from the sequel that he spent the remainder of his days in Prussia, except when absent on military duty; that the king distinguished him by his particular regard; that he was created lieutenant general along with M. de Möllendorf, the mortifying close of whose career, after growing grey in arms, as the favourite companion of his illustrious master, has of late excited so much compassion; that he was appointed to the government of Spandau, which was so disgracefully surrendered a few weeks ago, by cowardice or treachery, without even a shew of resistance.

Frederic II. on ascending the throne, found his monarchy like an insulated promontory extending many leagues in length, and by his foresight, accuracy of judgment, and presence of mind in turning every incident to his advantage, succeeded to elevate it during his reign to a level with the greatest powers of the continent; he knew that most of his provinces were barren and uncultivated, that his subjects wanted industry, that their trade was little more than a channel of circulation for that of the northern nations; and through a thousand means of encouragement, which he contrived, gave life to agriculture, introduced new arts and professions, invited foreign manufacturers, and traders of every description; and, although he found a scanty population, he raised his army to the number of two hundred thousand men, and kept it in constant and perfect discipline, the admiration and terror of every state of Europe.

We cannot sufficiently admire the gigantic genius of this monarch, forming and combining vast schemes, and executing them with prudence, skill, rapidity: this great warrior, attacked on every side, and every where opposing equal resistance; in whom military knowledge, fortitude, courage, perseverance, and the most astonishing activity were combined; who met with disasters and instantly repaired his losses with advantage; and who at other times crushed his enemies and immortalized his name by the most brilliant victories How melancholy the contrast exhibited by his nephew and successor! At no longer a period than twenty years after the death of Frederic, our eventful days have witnessed the Prussian monarchy subdued and overrun, its armies annihilated in the strictest sense, its fortifications, capable of

protracted defence, yielded up without opposition, and its power reduced to a shadow, in the short space of a single month. These are facts which future times will hardly believe, and to which the victories of Cortez and of Pizarro bear no comparison. How little did it enter into the mind of Frederic, that the house of Brandenburgh would so soon bow beneath the ascendant of prouder genius and superior fortune! How would the fore-knowledge of such an event have embittered his declining days, and how wise is that disposition of Providence which forbears to blast our enjoyments by an insight into futurity!

The two following anecdotes will give an idea, the one of the clear, collected, and comprehensive mind of Frederic, which was able to discuss and decide at one time a variety of business without confusion, and the other of his caustic and ironical pleasantry, particularly on topics in which religion bore a part.

'When on the day after the battle of Zorndorff,' says the Count de H. 'the officer I had sent to him arrived, his majesty desired he might be shewn into his room; he was standing opposite a large map of the country, which two servants were holding up, measuring the distances with his cane; he then conversed with my officer about what had passed at my post, heard at the same time the report of another officer, whom the Margrave Charles had sent to acquaint him with the movements of the Austrians; and listened to some aides-de-camp, who had also brought him various messages. In about a quarter of an hour he dismissed the margrave's officer and mine with full instructions, and continued to arrange the plan of the next day's march, when he proposed to go and meet Mareschal Daun, who was advancing towards Berlin at the head of a considerable force.'

The other is an entertaining anecdote which deserves to be known. The bishoprick of Warmies having fallen to the lot of Prussia at the division of Poland, the prince bishop, M. de Koasinski, repaired in haste to Berlin, to pay his court to the king. His majesty invited him to dinner, and towards the end of the entertainment, enquired distantly *what were the revenues of his see.* They were at least one hundred thousand rix dollars. M. de Koasinski was afraid to own the whole amount; he retrenched one half therefore, and stated them fifty thousand. 'The collecting of such a revenue,' replied the king, 'must have given you much trouble. The clergy are fond of ease and tranquillity. I will make you more comfortable. My revenue officers at Konigsberg shall pay annually at Warmies, five and twenty thousand rix dollars, and see after the bishoprick themselves. I have just sent

my orders to this effect.' Then assuming a tone of pleasantry, he endeavoured to demonstrate to the bishop that he could not have made a more advantageous bargain. The embarrassment of the latter may easily be conceived: he feigned however to be entertained with the wisdom of the plan, but had the mortification to perceive that if he had acknowledged one hundred thousand rix dollars, his majesty would have left him fifty; but the mischief was done; *nescit vox missa reverti;* he was forced to resign. As he was conversing with the king some time after on religion, and his majesty as usual was indulging his antichristian principles at the expence of the human race, hell and the devil, 'I expect to leave this world before you,' said the king: 'but should you by chance get to the other first, I hope you will be so kind as to prevail upon St. Peter, whose friend you are, to open the gates of Paradise, and come forward and introduce me. 'Sire,' replied the prelate sharply, 'you have clipped my cloak so short, that it would be impossible for me now to smuggle in any thing.'

We now come to the second volume of the Memoirs of the Count de Hordt, where we find him serving under the auspices of Frederic against the Russians, by whom he was taken prisoner and carried to Petersburgh, where he endured solitary confinement and every hardship that could well be inflicted upon him, during the space of two entire years. The causes of this ill-treatment, which the Count de Hordt suffered over and above what is usual with prisoners of war, are to be found partly in the desire of the empress Elizabeth to gratify her ally, the court of Sweden, who had demanded him at her hands; a demand, however, with which she refused to comply; and partly in revenge of one of her own officers, who had been broken on the wheel by Frederic, on the discovery of a conspiracy which he had formed to murder the garrison of Cüstrin, where he had been confined as a prisoner of war. It was not till the death of Elizabeth, and the accession of Peter III. that the count was liberated. The attachment and admiration which the latter monarch entertained for the Prussia hero, is well known. One of his first acts on his succeeding to the throne, was to recall his armies; which were then allied with those of Austria, and in a very short time afterwards to join those very troops to the forces of Frederic. The count de Hordt was honoured by him with marked attention during the interval of six weeks which he was detained at St. Petersburgh, between his liberation from confinement and his return to Prussia; and this part of the narrative, which also embraces many details of the proceedings at the Russian court, will be read with much entertain-

ment, having more the air of a novel than of the events of real life.

Shortly after he had rejoined the king, his royal master, he was wounded at the battle of Schweidnitz, where Marshal Daun was so severely beaten by the Prussians. This disastrous engagement, seconded by that of Freyberg, which was gained immediately afterwards by Prince Henry, induced the court of Vienna to sue for peace, which was accordingly concluded in 1763. Soon afterwards the Count was appointed to attend Prince Henry on a journey to Sweden, where he was about to pay a visit to the queen his sister; and where they were of course received with the distinction due to the birth and high reputation of the prince. From thence they proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where they were in like manner welcomed by the empress Catherine II., who had lately succeeded her husband on the throne of Russia. The chapters that treat of this journey, are of considerable interest. It was during this visit of Prince Henry, that the plan of the famous partition of Poland was devised and arranged. M. de Segur in his 'Political Sketch of Europe,' a writer who is generally accurate as to the facts which he relates, says that the partition of Poland, attributed to Frederic's policy, was entirely the work of Catherine, who first opened this project to Prince Henry. But we believe him to be here in an error, and the following to be the true way in which that celebrated and unjustifiable political measure was first contrived and determined upon. The prince being with the empress one evening, dispatches from the Russian minister at Warsaw were brought to her imperial highness, which she hastened to read. The minister informed her that the emperor of Germany, Joseph II. had just taken possession of three counties in Gallicia, upon the most ill-founded pretences; and that, from the orders he had given to the officers entrusted with the expedition, it was easy to see that his determination was to keep what he had taken. Not liking this intelligence she turned abruptly to Prince Henry: 'Read these letters, said she, see what they are about in Poland.' The prince took the letters, stepped aside and read them, and returned to the empress with that air of self-satisfaction which a happy thought inspires. 'Madam,' said he 'this intelligence is very good, very satisfactory indeed! The emperor helps himself: let him do so; but let us follow his example, let us help ourselves also; all will then be right again.' 'A good idea,' replied the Empress, 'the resource is admirable. Let your royal highness plan out a division for us; on equal terms I am ready to subscribe to it. The prince left the empress that moment, went home, cal-

led for some maps of Poland, marked out on them such portions of the Polish territory as would suit the parties, and communicated the same to her imperial majesty. She approved, a courier was instantly dispatched to the king of Prussia by the prince his brother, and his majesty's answer being, as may easily be imagined, perfectly favourable, the affair was concluded. Thus are nations made the sport of the convenience, the ambition, or the humour of kings!

On their return to Berlin, the count continued to live on terms of great intimacy and friendship with Prince Henry, as we have before hinted that he never fails to do with all the great men that come in his way. It is certain however, that he accompanied his royal highness no long time after on a second journey into Russia, on which occasion the grand duke, afterwards the emperor Paul I. returned with them to Berlin. Many amiable and interesting traits are recorded of the heroic and gallant prince Henry. How do his name, and that of his royal brother draw a sigh at this moment from all Europe!

There remains nothing more in this work that seems to be worthy of extended notice, if we except the revolution which was brought about in Sweden on the death of Frederic I., and which is here detailed at some length. His son, Gustavus III. derived from nature talents which would adorn any station, and which seemed more particularly adapted to that which he was destined to fill; and these qualities had received every improvement that could be conferred by a prudent and judicious education. His eloquence, his affability, and a suavity of manners peculiar to himself, won the hearts of those who only saw him in public; while the extent of his knowledge and the soundness of his judgment commanded the maturer admiration of those, whose communications with him were of a private and more intimate nature. To these talents he added a political genius, a spirit of energy and enterprize, which shortly developed themselves, and peculiarly distinguished him from the timid irresolution of his father. With such endowments, it was not likely that he should be contented with the empty name of king, to share a precarious sceptre with a capricious and insulting senate, and submit to the imperious direction of a foreign minister. He easily found means to win the affection of the people, and prepare their minds for the change which he had in view. To secure the army was a matter of greater difficulty, as several of the officers had but lately taken the oath of allegiance to the states. When that point however was accomplished, little doubt remained of his succeeding to free the monarchical power from the

fetters imposed upon it by an arrogant aristocracy, and completely overturn a constitution which was already shaken to its basis by the venality and depravity of the rulers, which scandalized every well-wisher to his country. For the details of this plot, which was successfully put in execution by the energy and presence of mind of the young monarch, who thus recovered to himself and his successors the full enjoyment of the regal power, we must refer to the book itself.

The reflections which are made on this occasion, as on all others, do not shew any marks of profound reasoning on the part of the count de Hordt. His genius was better fitted for the camp than for political disquisitions. In the former capacity, though he never had any command of great importance, he seems always to have conducted himself so as to be honourably distinguished by his employers. He died a few years ago at Berlin, having previously lost his first wife, and married a Prussian lady to his second, who shortly followed him to the grave. The present memoirs are corrected by a Frenchman, to whom the count had given them in his lifetime for the purpose of publication. The translation is executed no better than that of most of the French works which have lately come before us in an English dress, and by no means with that exact attention to the idioms and genius of the English language, which is one of the primary duties of a translator.

ART. XIII.—*The State of the Negociation, with Details of its Progress, and Causes of its Termination in the Recal of the Earl of Lauderdale. Fourth Edition.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. Stockdale. 1806.

WRITERS, who pretend to anticipate the information of government, though those pretensions have been never realized, draw upon an inexhaustible fund, the public credulity, and obtain what they want, a considerable sale of their productions.

There is no information in this pamphlet beyond what may be collected or inferred from the English and French newspapers. The reasonings, with much affectation of definitions, divisions, and subdivisions, are cloudy and obscure; and all we can infer is, that the errors of former ministers have rendered the duties of the present extremely arduous and laborious. This circumstance was ex-

plained with more ability and eloquence, in the 'Inquiry into the State of the Nation,' and it is felt with anguish by every considerate subject of these kingdoms. But where are the measures to be found, or to be heard of, which are calculated to remove those evils? They are not to be found in finance, they are not to be found in military preparations. The general answer is, ministers have endeavoured to obtain peace.

This with many people is very questionable, except in the efforts and mind of Mr. Fox. The opening, the difficulties, and the conclusion of the negotiation, are here delineated with turgid pomp of style, and great pretensions to knowledge; most of which will be discredited by the parliamentary discussion of the subject.

The following may serve as a specimen of the writer's information and talents:

'In another of the conferences the French negotiator expressed his confidence, and, as it would appear from the language employed, expressed it as the direct organ of his sovereign, that in the event of the successful termination of the negociation, the peace of the two governments would not be again interrupted by the ostentatious reception, according to their several titles and orders, of the French emigrants in the British court.—that such acknowledgment would ever be considered as cherishing the direct enemies of the French government, and must moreover render impossible the domestic intercourse of the two courts. These kind of topics lengthened every conference and were distinctly the subject of many. It is as impossible, as it would be useless, to relate them all minutely—Suffice it to say, that, after the exchange of many *projets* and *contre projets*, the following, which was proposed by the negotiators on the part of England, was the one under discussion so late as the middle of July last.

'1. France to confirm the Cape of Good Hope in perpetual sovereignty to England..

'2. France to procure the immediate restoration of Hanover.

'3. France in the same manner to confirm the Island of Malta in perpetual sovereignty to England. This article to be expressed simply.

'4. France to evacuate the kingdom of Naples, and become a party in a general guarantee of the integrity of the Turkish empire.

'5. That if, in return for a due valuable consideration, the Sublime Porte could be induced to the surrender or exchange of the district of Montenegro to his Russian Majesty, France should not oppose, but should on the other hand faithfully, and strenuously, concur to give effect to such negotiation.

'6. That the republic of Ragusa should be declared independent, but under the protection of Russia.

'7. England, on her part, in return for the above cessions, and the restoration of the ordinary amicable intercourse between nations at peace, to acknowledge the imperial and royal title, and the

state of actual possession on the part of France and her allies, subject to the above exemptions only.

'8. The several settlements and islands, conquered on the part of his Britannic majesty from France or her allies, in Asia, Africa, and America, with the exception of the Cape of Good Hope, and the settlements of Surinam and Pondicherry, to be restored to the several powers from whom they may have been conquered.

'This scheme or *projet* had been but a few days in discussion when the honour and actual sincerity of the French government appeared in its proper point of view. The *projet* was admitted into discussion and discussed with much apparent heat, so as to give the most natural colour to the artifice—Whilst the suspicions of the British negotiators were thus laid asleep, and they were congratulating themselves upon being on the point of effecting the fond object of their aims,—a Russian and Turkish barrier,—the French government procured D'Oubril to sign the act of the 20th of July, and renounce for ever that for which England was contending.

'If it be here demanded why D'Oubril signed such an act, we must leave the answer to the judgment of the reader—He had been sent by a previous ministry. The Russian Cabinet had been since changed—Sufficient time,—not more however than sufficient—had doubtless elapsed between this change and the signature of the act of the 20th of July, to have enabled the new Russian ministry to have sent new instructions, but in the bustle and contention of the new nominations, the new Ministers had more immediate occupation that a new arrangement in foreign affairs. Perhaps they were of opinion that it would be prudent to lose a little time in fitting themselves to their seat, and feeling their dignity before they exerted it—Whatever the cause might be, it is certain that D'Oubril had received no counter instructions from the new Ministry when he had signed the act of the 20th of July.

'How did this affect the *projet* under discussion between the French and English Governments?—Why, the French negotiators immediately declared, that Russia having renounced the required barrier, and Ragusa being otherwise disposed of, the proposals upon those points could no longer make part of any discussion.'

ART. XIV.—*The late Negotiation. The Whole of the Correspondence and Official Notes, relating to the late Negotiation with France, as they appeared in the Moniteur of the 26th Ult.* 8vo. 3s. Blacks *and* Parry. 1806.

OUR business here is not strictly critical, but to assist the reader in the perusal of documents, which may prepare him for some of the most important debates which have ever taken place in the British parliament.

The result of the contentions of parties in Britain for the last forty years, has been the exclusion of great talents

from the offices of government, except on conditions to which great talents would not generally submit. The career of political ambition has therefore been left to verbose lawyers and orators, who seldom understand any great and important subjects, and always embroil them.

The consequence has been in all the negotiations, treaties, and projects of this period, that Britain has displayed proud and splendid folly, which has lost a great part of her empire; and by embroiling her in the springs and movements of the French revolution, of which her rulers had scarcely any knowledge, she has been driven to fight for her existence almost in her last ditch.

In these circumstances, the negotiation for a peace with France was opened, and the spirit with which it would have been conducted by Mr. Fox, may be seen by the following letters:

'Sir, Downing street, March 26, 1806.

'The information which your excellency has given me of the pacific disposition of your government, has induced me to fix particularly the attention of the king on that part of your excellency's letter.

'His majesty has declared more than once to his parliament, his sincere desire of embracing the first opportunity of re-establishing peace upon solid bases, which may be reconciled with the interests and permanent security of his people.

'His dispositions are always pacific; but it is to a sure and lasting peace that his majesty looks, and not to a truce, uncertain, and on that account harassing both to the contracting parties, and to the rest of Europe.

'As to the stipulations of the treaty of Amiens, which might be proposed as the basis of the negotiation, it has been remarked that this phrase may be interpreted in three or four different ways, and that, consequently, farther explanations would become necessary, which could not fail to cause a great delay, even although there should be no other objections.

'The true basis of such a negotiation between two great powers, who equally disdain every degree of chicanery, ought to be a reciprocal acknowledgment on both sides of the following principles:—that it ought to be the object of the two parties, that the peace should be honourable for both of them, and for their respective allies; and at the same time, of a nature to secure, as far as it is in their power, the future repose of Europe.

'England cannot neglect the interest of any of her allies; and she finds herself united to Russia by such close ties, that she would not wish to treat, much less to conclude any thing, except in concert with the Emperor Alexander: but in waiting for the actual intervention of a Russian plenipotentiary, it is still possible to discuss, and even to arrange, provisionally, some of the principal points.

'It might seem that Russia, on account of the distance of her position, has less immediate interests than other powers to discuss with France; but this court, on every account so worthy of respect, interests itself like England in a lively manner, respecting every thing which concerns the situation more or less independent of the different princes and states of Europe.

'You see, sir, how we are disposed here to smooth all the difficulties which might retard the discussion in question. It is not, assuredly, that we with the resources we possess have to fear the continuance of the war, for any thing which regards us. The English nation is, of all Europe, that which suffers the least from its duration, but we do not on that account pity less the misfortunes of others.

'Let us, then, do all in our power to put a stop to them, and let us endeavour, if possible, to reconcile the respective interests, and the glory of the two countries, with the tranquillity of Europe, and the happiness of the human race.

'I have the honour to be,

'With the highest consideration,

'Sir,

'Your excellency's very humble and very obedient servant,

(Signed) 'C. J. FOX.

'Sir, April 1, 1806.

'The very hour that I received your letter of the 26th, I went to his majesty and am happy that he has authorized me to make to you without any delay, the following answer:

'The emperor has nothing to desire of what England possesses. Peace with France is possible and may be perpetual, as long as there is no interference in its internal affairs, and there shall be no wish to constrain it, either with respect to its legislation respecting the customs, or the duties imposed on articles of commerce, nor to make its flag submit to any insult.

'It is not you, sir, who have shewn in a great number of public discussions, an accurate knowledge of the affairs of Europe in general and of France, that there is occasion to convince, that France has nothing to desire but peace, and a situation which may permit her to give herself up, without any obstacle, to the labours of her industry.

'The emperor does not believe, that it was this or that article of the treaty of Amiens which has been the cause of the war. He is convinced that the real cause of it was the refusal to enter into a commercial treaty, which would necessarily be injurious to the manufactures and industry of his subjects.

'Your predecessors accused us of wishing to invade every thing. In France, England is also accused. Well then! we only demand equality. We will never ask from you any account of what you do in your country, provided that, in your turn, you should ask no account of what we do in ours. This is a principle of just and reasonable reciprocity, and respectively advantageous.

'You express a wish, that the negociation should not end in a

peace that should be without duration. France is more interested than any other power in the stability of peace. It is not a truce that she has an interest in making, for a truce would only prepare for her new losses. You know well, that nations, resembling individuals in this respect, can accustom themselves to a state of war, as well as to a state of peace. All the losses that France can suffer from it she has suffered, and will always suffer in the first six months of a war. At present, our commerce and our industry have retired within themselves, and have adapted themselves to our state of war. On this account, a truce of two or three years would be, at the same time, as opposite to our commercial interests as to the policy of the emperor.

'As to the intervention of a foreign power, the emperor might accept of the mediation of a power possessing great maritime forces, for then its participation in the peace would be regulated by the same interests which we have to discuss with you; but the mediation you speak of is not of that nature. You do not wish to deceive us, and you perceive that there is no equality between you and us, in the guarantee of a power that has 300,000 men on foot, and which has no marine.

'For the rest, sir, your communication has a character of frankness and precision that we have not before seen in the correspondence of your court with us. I shall consider it a duty to reply with the same frankness and clearness. We are ready to make peace with all the world: we do not want to impose a peace upon any nation, but we do not chuse that it shall be imposed upon us; neither is there any body who has the power or the means to do so. It is not in the power of any person to make us undo treaties which have been executed. The integrity, the entire and absolute independence of the Ottoman empire, are not only the most sincere desire of the emperor, but the most constant object of his policy.

'Two enlightened and neighbouring nations would be wanting in the opinion which they ought to entertain of their power and their wisdom, if in the discussion of those great interests, about which they disagree, they should call for the intervention of foreign and distant powers. Thus, sir, the peace may be negociated and concluded immediately, if your court has really the desire to obtain it.

'Our interests are reconcileable, from the very circumstance of their being distinct. You are the sovereigns of the seas: your maritime forces equal those of all the sovereigns of the world united. We are a great continental power: but there are several who have as great force by land as we, and your preponderance on the seas will always place our commerce at the disposal of your squadrons, upon the first declaration of war that you may chuse to make. Do you think it reasonable to expect, that the emperor will ever consent to place himself, in like manner, at your discretion, as to the affairs of the continent? If, masters of the sea, by your own power, you wish also to be masters of the land by a combined power,

peace is not possible; for you cannot expect to arrive at results which it would be impossible for you to attain.

'The emperor, accustomed as he is to run all the chances which present views of greatness and glory, desires peace with England. He is a man. After so many fatigues, he also wishes for repose. Father of his subjects, he wishes, as far as can be compatible with their honour, and with the guarantee of the future, to procure for them the sweets of peace and the advantages of a happy and tranquil commerce.

'If then, sir, his majesty, the king of England, really wishes for peace with France, he will appoint a plenipotentiary to repair to Lisle. I have the honour to send you passports for that effect. As soon as his majesty the emperor shall be informed of the arrival of the minister of your court, he will appoint and send one there without delay. The emperor is ready to make all the concessions which from the extent of your naval force and preponderance you may expect to obtain. I do not think also, that you can refuse to adopt the principle of making to him propositions conformable to the honour of his crown, and to the commercial rights of his states. If you are just, if you only desire what is possible for you to accomplish, peace will be soon concluded.

'I conclude by declaring to you, that his majesty adopts entirely the principles laid down in your dispatch, and presented as the basis of the negociation—that the peace proposed ought to be honourable for the two courts and for their respective allies.

'I have the honour of being,

'With the highest consideration,

'Sir,

Your excellency's very humble and obedient servant,

'C. M. TALLEYRAND,

'Prince of Benevento.'

The illness and death of Mr. Fox seem to have had an important effect on the correspondence, which assumes a perplexed and petulant air on both sides until it is wholly terminated. We suppose however that this statement of the correspondence (as it is given in the French official journals) is imperfect, and that a fair judgment of the negotiation cannot be formed, until the official papers have been submitted to the British parliament.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 15.—*A Sequel to Moral Education the one Thing needful; with Specimens of short Lectures and Prayers, adapted to Schools of every Denomination of Christians; in two Parts; addressed to every Parent in the United Kingdoms, by Thomas Simons.* 8vo. Johnson. 1805.

WE were not a little puzzled by Mr. Simons's title page, 'A Sequel to moral Education the one Thing needful.' Our first idea—one which the words we have quoted legitimately convey—was that the author must be a redoubted puff, and that he had not scrupled (the prevalence of puffing will justify a supposition apparently so extravagant) to employ language of the most awful import to recommend his book to public notice. When however we had proceeded to the preface, we were satisfied that no such reprehensible levity had entered his mind, but that with much seriousness he had undertaken to prove the necessity of 'Christian moral education,' which he thinks is greatly neglected in some of our seminaries. In a former publication he had discussed the subject, and the present is therefore called 'a sequel.' This information may save some trouble to those, whose eyes may hereafter be thrown upon the title page which so bewildered our weak brains.

In the pursuit of his object Mr. S. takes a wider range than might perhaps be expected. He lays down a practical plan for the government of a school, mentioning his own *en passant* at Edmonton; he discourses on the absurd, not to say impious separation of faith and good works; he enters into the propriety of instructing the poorer classes of society, the want of which instruction he is of opinion has brought many unfortunate persons to a shameful death; and introduces a long and irrelevant dissertation on the doctrines of original sin and eternal damnation, both of which he considers amongst the 'corruptions of christianity.' The execution of this purpose calls for no particular attention from us: the manner is never new, sometimes good, and sometimes not.

The 'lectures' are selected from our most approved authors, and the 'prayers' are in no way objectionable; but there are many Christians, (we conceive) who would wish that the peculiarities, the essentials of their religion—those things which distinguish it from a mere code of ethics—had not been so industriously passed over. Yet though our author compiles for every denomination of christians, it is no difficult task to discover his own attachments; at the same time we must do him the justice to say that his notices of the

members of our established church are marked by a spirit of catholicism extremely deserving of praise. This is not the only *catholic* portion of the Sequel: it is addressed to '*every* parent in the united kingdoms.' Should it be asked, with the friend of the satyrist, '*Quis leget hæc?*' and should it be cynically answered '*Vel duo, vel nemo;*' the reply will not, we hope and trust, tend to freeze the vast ambition which fires the bosom of Mr. Simons.

ART. 16.—*The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England and Ireland; together with the Psalter or Psalms of David; to which is prefixed an Introduction, comprising a History of the English Liturgy; a Sketch of the Reformation of Religion in England, and a View of the English Translation of the Holy Scriptures. The Calendar, Rubrick, Services, and Books of Psalms, are accompanied with Notes, historical, explanatory, and illustrative. By the Rev. Richard Warner.* 8vo. Wilkie *and* Robinson. 1806.

THIS is an useful and cheap work; the type is clear, and the historical and explanatory notes, judiciously selected.

DRAMA.

ART. 17.—*Five Miles off: or the Finger Post, a Comedy in Three Acts. By Dibdin.* 8vo. 1806.

THIS piece, called by mistake, we hope, a comedy, derives its title from a finger post, which has been made by an Irishman *to* move with the wind, and thereby leads one of the motley group in this performance five miles out of his way. From the beginning to the end of the piece Mr. Dibdin treats us in his usual way with a dish of puns, without any salt to make them relishing.

POLITICS.

ART. 18.—*A Letter to the Right Hon. Wm. Windham on the Defence of the Country at the present Crisis. By Lieut. Gen. Money.* 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* Scatcherd. 1806.

THE following quotation, which is very pertinently prefixed by the author, not only exhibits his laudable motive for publishing the present pamphlet, but clearly explains his reasons for being rather obscure in certain passages, where blame might be attached to official characters; indeed the whole letter exhibits proofs that the sentiments of Machiavel are strongly impressed on the author's mind.

'All advisers of any enterprize, and the more extraordinary the greater the danger, (whether to princes or commonwealths) are between two rocks; if they do not advise what in their judgment they think profitable to their masters, and that frankly and without

respect, they fail in their duties, and are defective that way; again, if they were to counsel freely, they bring their lives and fortunes in danger, because such is the natural blindness of mankind, that they cannot judge of the goodness or badness of the thing, but by the success. I am of opinion, in these doubtful and difficult cases, there can be no better way for those who counsel either prince or state, than to deliver themselves modestly and freely; for to be sullen and say nothing, would be betraying your country.—A king of Macedon having been defeated by the Romans, escaped after the battle with a few friends; one of them blamed his majesty's conduct, and shewed how it might have been managed better:—And do you, said the king, like a traitor, tell me of it now, when it is past remedy?' Machiavel, p. 421.

To the army this pamphlet cannot fail to be highly acceptable, for it unquestionably abounds with military information and solid reasoning, instead of being filled, like most publications of the same nature, with chimerical plans and prospects, that can never be realised. Without viewing the event of invasion either with panic or with doubt of its possibility, the author points out in a clear, manly, and masterly manner, that, though invaded, this country need not be conquered, provided we avoid misplaced security by adopting those precautions which, without disgracing the brave, ever become the wise: he purposely overlooks the difficulties which the enemy must surmount to make good a disembarkation, in order to point out the best mode of defence in the actual event of such a calamity; and throughout the whole of the letter displays a fund of knowledge that seems only to be equalled by his modesty, while his references to the different offensive and defensive modes adopted by various generals of repute and during several campaigns, exhibit his readiness to abandon all old, and according to the present mode of warfare, useless systems. His opinion of the volunteers and their utility are perfectly liberal, and appear to be correct, as also his general ideas of the British service. We close with expressing our regret that Lieut. Gen. Money, with the possession of his present knowledge, is not the worst informed and least experienced officer of this country; and we have too good an opinion of his patriotism not to believe that to see the service improved, he would cheerfully submit to that mortification.

ART. 19.—*Reasons for not making Peace with Buonaparte. By William Hunter, Esq.* 8vo. 2s. Stockdale. 1806.

WE are sure the author of this pamphlet, in a few days after its publication, must have been convinced that he had bestowed his time and labour in vain, as Buonaparte had taken to himself all discussion and determination on the subjects of peace and war. It is not what may be deemed wise and prudent by the British government, or by British writers, that will produce negotiation; if it should ever be produced, it will depend on the convenience and facilities of the revolutionary armies of France, which the folly of European cabinets has been creating and nurturing for their own demolition.

ART. 20.—*Substances of the Debates on a Resolution for abolishing the Slave Trade, which was moved in the House of Commons on the 10th of June 1806, and in the House of Lords on the 24th June 1806; with an Appendix containing Notes and Illustrations.* 8vo. Phillips *and* Fardon. 1806.

THE debates as given in this work are stripped of all their eloquence, and rendered unworthy of perusal.

POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Juvenile Poems by Thomas Romney Robinson; to which is prefixed, a short Account of the Author, by a Member of the Belfast Literary Society.* 12mo. 5s. 5d. Belfast. 1806.

WE have on some former occasion given it as our decided opinion that an injury is done to opening genius by laying before the public its early efforts. It becomes subject to a severe tax which the public has a right to impose upon it, a demand for superior excellency in its future exertions, which if it fail to pay, it retains only the disgraceful mortification of recollecting that it has once been undeservedly illustrious. But there are other objections to premature celebrity; it possesses the youthful candidate for fame with too lofty an opinion of his own talents, till by neglecting the cultivation of his growing powers, he leaves room to his less favoured competitors to outstrip him in the race. Let parents and those who have the care of rising youth, never forget that praise injudiciously and extravagantly bestowed, becomes a canker, the diffusive effects of which no art or time can effectually eradicate.

The anonymous 'member of the Belfast Literary Society,' who has come forward as editor of the present volume, would have rendered a more acceptable service to Master Thomas Romney Robinson and to society, in suffering that young gentleman to attain to years of discretion before he invited the public to admire his poetical powers. Who, beyond the limit of the social circle of the author's relations, shall be entertained with the effusions of childhood? The doating mother might hear the flights of her darling boy with rapture, and declare her conviction that he would one day be a bishop. The female readers of circulating libraries would also aver them to be pretty poems. We doubtless owe it to the author to say, that they exhibit marks of extraordinary talents and powers beyond his years; and it will give us unfeigned pleasure to find that the productions of maturer age bear corresponding proportion to those of his infancy, and do not dwindle into that insignificance and nothingness which is unfortunately the usual termination of precocious genius.

The editor has furnished us with what he calls a *short* account of the life of his author; longer, however, we venture to assert, than most people will have inclination to wade through; for those who can take an interest in the events of the life of a boy who is not yet thirteen years of age, must have a more gentle and accommodating humour, or be much less fastidious, than ourselves. On the most impor-

tant epoch in our hero's life, and one on whichthe comprehensive mind of the editor does not fail to dwell, is, that, when at school at Belfast, he was elected a member of the society for—the Suppression of Vice?—No—that is an establishment of full-grown gentlemen —'for mutual improvement!' an institution which obtained among the scholars of that renowned seminary, the Belfast Academy. 'Nothing (observes the judicious editor) can more clearly evince the high estimation in which his talents were held among his fellow-students than his attaining to this honour at so early a period of life, being then only *nine years of age*. The essays he produced, according to the rules of the society, were chiefly poetical; one of them is preserved in the present collection, entitled, "*The Triumph of Commerce.*"'

We are also favoured with an history of his academical career, as extracted from the journals of the above academy, being an account of the different departments of literature (as Cordery, Turner's Exercises, Ovid, the Greek Grammar, &c.) which constitute the subjects of study in the different classes of the above seat of learning, and the premiums (of silver pence, &c.) which Master Robinson obtained in passing through each class. But we are not informed whether he combed his hair, kept his hands clean, and in other respects behaved like a good boy; an omission for which we think the editor culpable; for he has inserted things much less interesting, as copies of complimentary verses sent to the author from gentlemen who were never heard of, or never deserved to be heard of, (as poets we mean) such as Mr. Hayley, and the Rev. W. H. Drummond; copies of verses, which, if they cannot lay claim to the fire of poetry or the originality of genius, may yet boast of authority for every expression, for many a time before has each individual word met its neighbour in verse. As to Mr. Hayley's lines, they are prosaic beyond what might have been expected even from that prosaic versifier. In the unpoetical structure of his verses, Mr. Hayley is more offensive than Cowper himself. Low as is our opinion (and it is very low) of Cowper as a poet, we do sometimes meet in the midst of his unmusical, affected, and disgusting simplicity, a dawning of the light of poetry, which raises him above himself, and deludes him into harmony; as the description of the deaths of Wolfe and Chatham:

> There was a time . . . . 'twas praise enough
> To fill the ambition of a private man,
> That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
> And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
> Farewell these honors, and farewell with them
> The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen,
> Each in his field of glory! one in arms,
> And one in council! Wolfe upon the lap
> Of smiling victory, that moment won,
> And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame!

We shall say nothing of the offering of Miss Jessy Stewart, a young lady in Edinburgh, who, we are assured in the introduction, is well known to the literary world, as the author of the *exquisite* 'Ode to Dr. Percy,' but shall leave the reader to take it on trust that it is 'a beautiful and pathetic address,' and pass on to another gentleman, whom the benevolent editor, (who seems to have been hired as a praiser general, like the authors of the Public Characters,) has dragged in on several occasions to partake the gale of favour. This is no other than Mr. T. Stott, a gentleman whose real name never before reached our ears, nor, we dare say, those of any of our readers. We have indeed frequently wondered at some person, whose audacity, equalled only by his folly, has of late deluged the newspapers with his tame and spiritless effusions, under the borrowed title of the classic Hafiz. We are happy in being enabled to expose to the public the 'elegant and ingenious Hafiz,' as he is here termed, in his proper colours; it is then T. Stott, Esq. of Dromore, who has usurped the name of the delightful poet of the east, in hopes, like the daw in borrowed plumes, to attract the momentary attention of the public, from whom he will meet with the reward of ridicule he so highly deserves.

But it is time to lay before our readers some specimens of Master Robinson's poesy. To enter into a general or partial critique upon the whole or any of his productions, would be needless, as however extraordinary they may be, and extraordinary they certainly are, to have been written between the ages of eight and twelve, they yet cannot be supposed to vindicate any character peculiar to themselves, or to be marked by beauties original, and their own; but the versification is smooth and easy, and not unfrequently harmonious; the language correct; the rhymes uniformly good; the few ideas which are scattered through them, are of course trite and obvious, but that, such as they are, they should ever have entered the mind of an infant, and been by him expressed in measured rhyme, is certainly matter of surprize; and though the reader will derive no pleasure from the perusal of them, as poetry, yet will he join with us and the friends of Master Robinson, in admiring him as a singular example of early and promising genius.

The verses on the death of the author's friend, William Cunningham, another youthful poet of Ireland, seem to possess as much merit as any of the pieces which are afforded in this volume. They were composed in his twelfth year.

'Hark! midst the gloom of Lagan's winding shores,
Yon mournful knell loud thrills the startled ear;
While, freed from life, a much loved spirit soars,
And claims on earth the tribute of a tear.

'See! dark December tears his robes of snow,
Cold icy dew his hoary locks deforms!
And with th' expiring year departing slow
Sighs midst the whirlwind of his rushing storms.

'In Fancy's wreath no gem resplendent shines,
Her frantic hand the flowery garland rends,
Funereal cypress round her brow she twines,
And o'er her favourite's tomb in sorrow bends.

'In his pure mind the flowers of genius sprung,
His artless breast with every virtue shone;
His rural lyre the sylvan dryads strung,
And Truth inspired him from her heavenly throne.

'But now no more that vocal lyre can charm!
Cold is the hand that bade its chords resound!
And cold that heart so late with friendship warm,
Deep in the bosom of the wintry ground!

'New fledged with radiant plumes of heavenly fire,
His soul ascending views her native skies....
Cease, cease my Muse! from paths unknown retire,
And from the prospect turn thy dazzled eyes.'

The elegy on the late Earl of Massareene, might also be given as a favourable specimen. But we shall rather turn to a lighter description of poetry, and are of opinion that the Poeto-Magira-Machia, or description of the author's contest with his father's cook-maid, displays as much talent as any other of his productions. It shews considerable reading, and is written with ease and spirit. It was also composed in his twelfth year.

'My angry lyre, Megæra, string!
In notes Tartarean, battle sing:
Instead of tears for Beauty's woe,
Let Rancour burn, let Discord glow.
Though erst my Muse has mourned with Dolly,
My strains now sing her thoughtless folly,
Her fury causing wild uproar,
Her madness and her thirst of gore,
Her pots and kettles, pans and plates,
And pokers breaking brittle pates;
How falling dishes crashing sound,
And broken china strews the ground:
These in their fall full oft have rung
A chorus to her wrangling tongue,
Which might for noise and constant rattle
Be Discord's trumpet to a battle.

'Once on a time, when all were quiet,
And mute the voice of brawl and riot,
While Peace was sitting by the fire,
Then Dolly 'gan with furious ire;
(But know the cause of this rough storm,
Doll cast her eye with rage deform,

On where Dan Poet seized the cake
Her hands with nicest care did bake :)
" Thief! drop that cake," the vixen cried,
With equal rage the bard replied,
" Think not I'll such a prize resign,
" For know, proud shrew! the cake is mine;
" For bards of old, and 'tis befitting
" The Muses' sons, still loved good eating:
" Though much of Helicon's pure stream
" They fondly sing and madly dream,
" This cake such feast excels as far,
" As the bright sun a twinkling star:
" So while the laurel crowns my head,
" While ovens are with fuel red,
" So long I'd fight for cake, so long on cake be fed."

' Now to its height her fury rose,
So with a spark the tinder glows,
She threw the poker at his head
And deemed that blow would stretch him dead;
But turned by Phœbus' guardian care
The weapon spent its force in air.

' The poet now with choler swelled
Fierce dealt a blow and Dolly yelled;
Yet though tremendous was the shock
She stood like some high towering rock;
Then seized the tongs and at him flew,
No blood the gaping forceps drew;
Cautious he marked her vengeful aim
And shunned the weapon as it came.

' Again she waved her threatening brand,
But Fate had armed his vigorous hand....
His broad fire-shovel whirl'd around
Pierced her arms brawn with maddening wound.
As when in fire Typhœus roars
And Ætna shakes Sicilia's shores,
Thus bellowed Doll....the kitchen sounded
And trenchers on the dresser bounded;
Then prone she fell; the chimney shook;
The pictures stared with haggard look;
The lay-man from his centre sprung,
The house with Ajax' howlings rung:
'Twas thought, that freed from limbo's pale
Old Satan came with horns and tail,
And with loud diabolic yell
Called to her aid the powers of hell.

' E'en then her useless blade she threw
Which feebly loitered as it flew;
The glancing point his fingers tore,
And stained his hand with crimson gore.

Thus some tall nettle in the fields,
Sinks by the scythe the mower wields,
And though expiring on the plains
Darts the sharp sting and wounds his veins.

'The victor Bard tremendous frowned
And furious aimed a mortal wound;
But Phœbus, who concealed had stood
And viewed the scene of strife and blood,
Stayed his rash hand....thus loudly crying,
"See there thy foe before thee lying:
"Let not Revenge my votary stain,
"But o'er thy mind let Mercy reign;
"Beauty should be the Poet's care,
"Still should his numbers guard the fair.
"Though passion oft her charms misuses
"Doll loves the Poet and the muses."'

We shall trespass still a little further beyond our usual limits, to notice young Robinson's verses on the death of Lord Nelson. So many elegies on that lamented subject came before us, all of the very worst order, except in the single instance of Mr. Lowe, (Crit. Rev. March, 1806, p. 333.) that we could not but be surprized to see the whole herd of male and female competitors eclipsed, with the above reserve, by Master Robinson. He begun two poems on the subject, neither of which however were completed by him. What we have of the first, possesses much simplicity, and is by no means destitute of energy.

'Britain o'er the ensanguined sea
Darts the eye of agony!
Midst the joy for triumphs won
Yearns, the mother o'er her son....
Stretched in death the hero lies,
Weeping Victory seals his eyes!

'Peaceful in an honoured grave
Sleep the ashes of the brave,
O'er whose urn and trophied bier
Royal mourners drop the tear!
Beauty heaves the bursting sigh!
Nations feel sad sympathy!

'Youth by hoary warriors led
Throng around the mighty dead,
While their fathers pointing say,
"Such be ye, on battle's day!"'

We wish he had broken off here; but he adds two lines which diminish the effect considerably.

"For your country yield your breath!
"Glorious is the patriot's death!"'

In his second attempt on the same subject he aims at higher things, and affects the grandeur and irregular dignity of the ode. Here, of course, he fails; and his flagging muse soon degenerates into uninteresting common-place. The three following lines however, which conclude the first stanza, are very good:

> 'With giant strength Injustice rears his horn,
> And Austria, sinking in that fateful morn,
> Drops lifeless to the ground, of all her glory shorn!'

After these liberal quotations, Master R. will not accuse us of having dealt harshly by him. The severity, if any, of the present article, is intended against those who have injudiciously prevailed upon or compelled him to make himself thus prematurely public. It is our duty to foster and encourage rising genius, and let him be assured that his talents are the objects of our unfeigned admiration; with parental solicitude do we urge him to prosecute his studies, and not to be persuaded by his own vanity or the exhortation of ill-judging friends to come again before the public, till his ripened powers shall give a positive and intrinsic value to his productions, which may entitle him to indisputable fame.

MEDICINE.

ART. 22.—*Observations, &c. on the Epidemic Disease which lately prevailed at Gibraltar, intended to illustrate the Nature of Contagious Fevers in general. Part I. By S. H. Jackson, M.D. &c. &c.* 8vo. Murray. 1806.

IT seems that this author has been seized with a passion for curing the Gibraltar fever. Not that he has had the slightest opportunity (as far as we can discover) either by the way of correspondence, oral communication, or through any other medium whatever except the newspaper reports, or it may be the monthly journals, of becoming acquainted with the nature of this fever. But sitting in his closet, he has devised a theory of the disease; the application of this theory is to work wonders on the Gibraltar fever; and its success in this instance is to be transferred to practice in the fevers of this country. But there is an unfortunate breach in the chain of evidence, which much darkens our prospect of receiving in our own days, any advantage from the labours of this luminous doctor. The Gibraltar fever is at an end; and God knows whether in our times another favourable opportunity may be offered of reducing the doctor's notions to practice. He seems positive that it is not contagious; so that we must abandon all hopes of its breaking out at Wapping or Rotherhithe; and should it again visit any of our foreign possessions, we fear from the slowness of the doctor's motions and the scantiness of his correspondence, that it will have done its worst and finished its career, before he shall have made himself ready for the conflict. What a pity then it is that he has not pursued an opposite course! Would it not have been as well first to

have enlightened us a little on the symptoms of the fevers of our own country? After we had availed ourselves of the doctor's prowess in subduing the domestic foe, we should fearlessly have enlisted under his banners, to encounter the foreign enemy.

Of the materials which he possesses for this undertaking, he gives us the following account. 'In order to qualify my mind for full reflection on the subject, and to balance the want of direct personal experience, I have of late read at my spare hours from professional and domestic occupations, such recent observations on that febrile disease, called by some the plague, by others the yellow fever, by some again the bilious remittent fever, and by many a pestilential typhus, as would furnish me with a selection of well grounded facts relative to those tropical disorders, presuming that whatever advantages might have arisen from consulting ancient publications on the subject, must have already been experienced by the later writers, when they had referred to those authors. But all the practitioners of the present day *seem to have agreed in one opinion*, namely, that the disease, the subject of my particular enquiry was either a typhus, or a plague, or a yellow fever, or some such disorder, and generally considered of the most malignant kind, as well as of an epidemic and dangerous character; though it does appear from the observations and hints of many professional and learned men, that the contagious nature of the disease is of late much called in question.'

According to our rude and vulgar way of thinking, what the doctor terms an uniform agreement among the practitioners of the present day will be considered by others as an entire disagreement and contrariety of opinion. From this specimen of Dr. Jackson's correctness of thinking and precision of language, we confidently expect that he will prove the Gibraltar fever to be either a typhus, or a plague, or a yellow fever, or some such disorder, nor can we hope to advance a single step beyond this profound information.

The theory which Dr. J. intends in due time to establish, is that the disease in question was topical and not general, that the seat of this affection was the brain, and the fever was symptomatic. If he ever succeeds in any thing like a proof of these assertions, we shall not fail to pay due homage to his sagacity.

The volume before us professes only to clear the road for future enquiry. It contains a great deal of matter, which the doctor supposes connected with his subject. As we have not been able to gather from it a single new idea, our medical readers will readily excuse our attempting an analysis of it. Suffice it to say that it is about medical education, about health and disease, about the symptoms of fever in general, contagion, cold, the air, the pulse, and in short any thing, but what the title-page would lead us to expect. Mercy upon us!—If such a waste of ammunition is necessary in this distant skirmishing, in what volumes of smoke shall we not be involved when we are brought into the heat of the action? We entreat Dr. Jackson, if the fruits of his future lucubra-

tions are ever to see the light, to have some compassion at least upon us, who *must* become his readers. Much of what we here find, is taken from the pages of the *Medical and physical Journal*, and the Edinburgh Medical Review; certainly very useful and respectable works; but they have been too recently in our hands to require our being reminded of their contents.

ART. 23.—*The Vaccine Contest, or mild Humanity, Reason, Religion, and Truth against fierce, unfeeling Ferocity, overbearing Insolence, mortified Pride, false Faith, and Desperation. By William Blair.* 8vo. Murray. 1806.

MR. Blair has here given an answer to Dr. Rowley's scurrilous and indecent attack upon vaccination and its patrons. He has thrown the argument into the form of a dialogue, in which this outrageous libeller, under the name of Dr. Bragwell, sustains his part in the language of his own pamphlet. We learn from Mr. Blair's preface, that Dr. Rowley's invective had so much influence on the minds of the common people, that from the 12th day of November last, to the 10th of March (the date of this work), not a single person in the district of Bloomsbury and St. Giles, applied to the dispensary for vaccination, where it is performed gratuitously upon all who choose to offer themselves: a strong and melancholy proof how easily the multitude is led away and inflamed by delusive statements, and by false and impudent misrepresentations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 24.—*A Narrative of the much lamented Death of Colonel Villey of Bath, who was killed at Reading, June 13th, 1806, by fracturing his Skull in leaping out of one of the Bath Coaches in Consequence of the Horses running away. With the Substance of a Conversation (just before the melancholy Event took place,) between him and J. Bain, Minister of the Gospel, Potter Street, Harlow, Essex. Most affectionately dedicated to his bereaved Lady and Children. The Second Edition, corrected and enlarged.* 12mo. 6d. Button. 1806.

A FRACTURED skull of a colonel, and the cracked pericranium of a methodist preacher, all for sixpence!

ART. 25. *The second Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1806. With an Appendix, and a List of Subscribers and Benefactors.* 8vo. Cadell *and* Davies. 1806.

THE present report, besides a numerous list of translations into the Gaelic, German and other languages, contains an account of the translation of St. John's gospel into the *Mohawk* language, printed at the expence of the society, for the purpose of distribution amongst the native Americans; this translation the interpreters in the Indian villages deem to be very correct.

The Appendix for Volume 9, will be published on the 1st of February, 1807.